

val 14/3
spring - 1955

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PRINTING
Craw & Craw Printing Co.

ENGRAVINGS
Indianapolis Engraving Co.

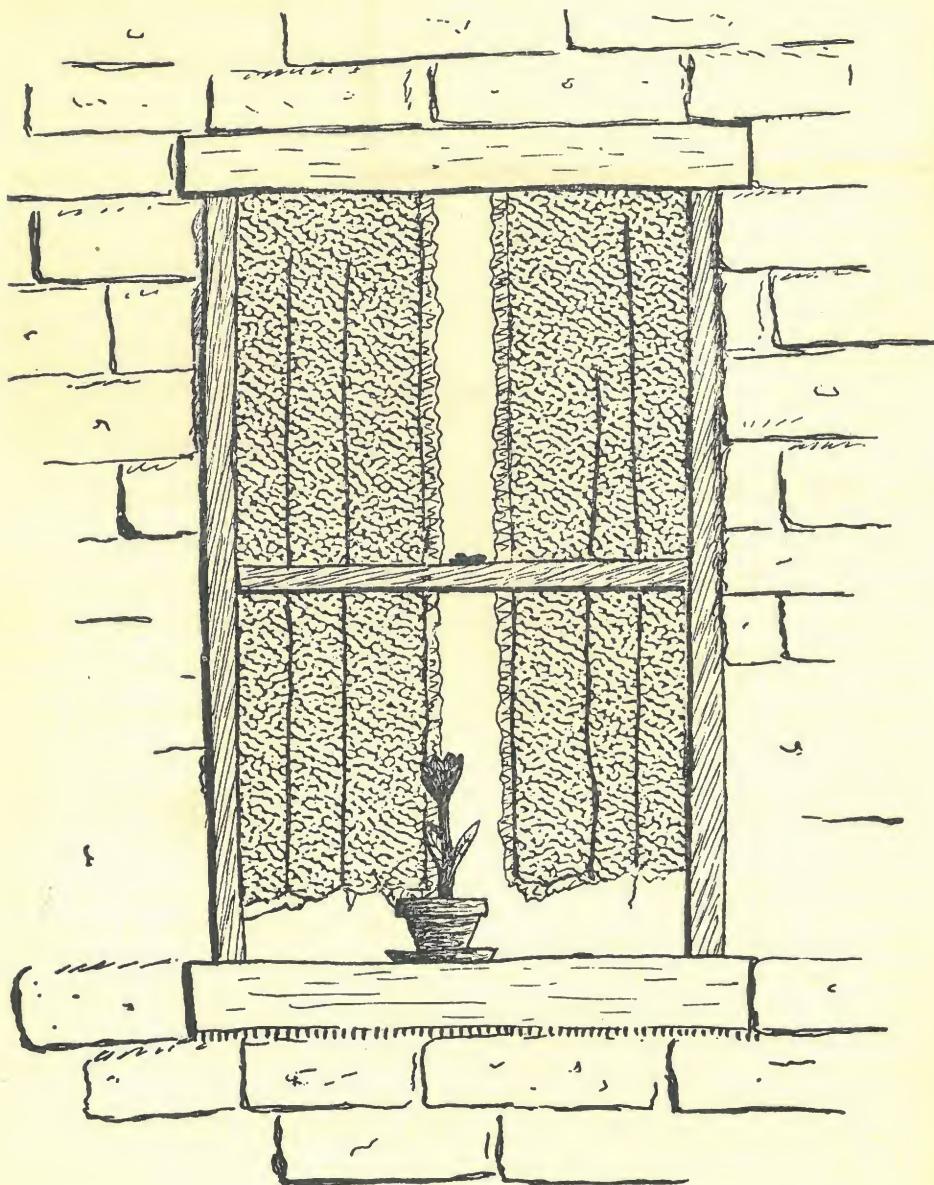
ILLUSTRATION CREDITS
Pages 16, 19, W. Geobel; page 23,
Crestwick, Inc.; page 32, 33, The New
York Times.

st. joseph's college
collegeville, indiana
spring issue 1955
volume xiv, no. 3

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Associated Collegiate Press
Catholic School Press Association



THE morning still slept. Save for the occasional straining motor of a newspaper delivery truck in the street below or the gradually increasing toots of the ferry boats on the East River four blocks away, the April morning quietly rested. The morning was not old enough either for the night workers to return to their flats or for the day shifts to begin to stir.

By 5:30 the sun had stretched far enough to reach the top of the highest television mast above 3862 Talbot Street. The flat, tar-and-pebble roof of the tenement did not welcome the dawn; it had seen too many days already. Slowly the sun's rays struck the greyed facade of the building and began to creep gradually down row after row of streaked stones, until finally the rays struck the tops of the six third floor windows at the front of the building. These windows, splattered and ridged with the winter's grime, seemed to reflect and reject more light than they admitted, as if seeking to isolate the rooms beyond from a glimpse at brightness. The windows all framed essentially the same picture—grey, uneven, sagging lace curtains, curtains which served no purpose but to hide the drabness that lay behind them. This sameness among the upper flats in the building was challenged only by the second window

from the right. Here, precisely in the center of the window sill, sat a potted tulip plant, eagerly absorbing and glorying in the morning sunlight. Incongruous in its surroundings, the yellow dash of color was nature's sole exhibit in this building whose front yard was the street and whose trees were blackened lightposts.

Within this front apartment on the third floor lived two people, a couple not unlike the rest in the building—tired, longing, waiting—but for what? Here they had passed three years of marriage, living from day to day, with their goals, their hopes, their cravings still undefined and still unfulfilled.

The three rooms in which they lived were dull and uninspiring, just like all the other rooms in the building. And yet they had really never thought about anything better for they knew nothing better. The rooms had remained the same year after year and would remain the same even after this couple had left.

THE morning awoke in the apartment with a silence-splitting mechanical clang of the alarm clock. The clock's hands dutifully signalled 6:05. The heavy, brass-rodded bed squeaked when

by Joseph Barnett

The Yellow Tulip

the figure on the right started and then frantically clawed at the clock to stop the shattering noise. When her hand had at last silenced the noise, she edged her way out of the bed. As she tied the sash of her washed-out, formless chenile robe, she sighed deeply, trying to drive away the sleepiness which hung over her.

From the bedroom where in the darkness another figure still sprawled, she moved into the kitchen. She filled a metal kettle with water and placed it upon the fire-blackened and broken burners of the stove. While the gas flame hollowly hummed beneath the kettle, she moved through the arch into the small, square living room. The previous evening's newspapers lay scattered on the linoleum floor. Two empty quart bottles, last night filled with cold beer, this morning breathed out from their brown depths an all too familiar sour smell into the room. She reached the window but her eyes rebelled at the brightness, a brightness which invaded the room for only several hours each day. She idled dreamily at the window, the sun projecting a distorted pattern from the lace curtains. The splotched shadows from the lace curtain on her face further distorted her sallow features. The light failed to highlight her sandy-red hair. Her twenty-eight years were hidden behind a gloomy exterior. Her frailty added no grace to her bearing. Her ashen white complexion indicated only her tired constitution.

She looked outside and watched the few people walking along the opposite side of the street. Some were young boys with shaggy hair and run-down shoes, some were older women with cotton head scarves wrapping their unkempt white hair, some were aged, ambiling men on their way to wherever they passed their days; yet subconsciously she saw herself in all of them—herself either as she had been, as she was, or as she knew she would become.

THE off-register hissing of the boiling water on the stove slowly brought her back into the apartment. She turned toward the kitchen, but in the edge of her eye shone the golden glow from the tulip plant. For just a moment her eyes took on a rare glimmer as she moved closer to the flower and stood gazing downward at it. She parted the mottled gray lace curtains and with a strange tenderness picked up the brown earthen pot from which stood a single flower—a yellow tulip, the kind one often sees clustered in dime store windows at Easter. The plant was nearly a year old; the original plant had long ago withered and died, but its owner had carefully replanted the bulb, and now she had a new plant. Nearly a year ago she had received this plant—but it seemed ages ago. She stood in the window, fondly holding the plant. Although she had sworn never to think about it again, nevertheless she began reminiscing about this little yellow tulip.

It was April, April 26th to be

exact, when she had first seen this little plant. Her second day in the hospital maternity ward had passed in just the same way the months before had passed—slowly, wearily, and yet expectantly. Even though her husband worked nights then, he eagerly visited every afternoon. That afternoon he was just a little later than before. Finally he came, self-consciously carrying this little plant, in the manner of a child going to a birthday party. This was all he could afford, for their expenses were increasing and would continue to rise. And yet in this small insignificant token which would be overlooked in any other hospital room, she saw the rarer side of her husband. She loved the plant and loved even more what it stood for—the unostentatious affection that existed between the couple, the affection that would soon exhibit a tangible token for which they had both waited and hoped so long. In the busy, over-crowded maternity section of the hospital, this was a solitary touch of beauty for her.

A week later she left the hospital carrying only the plant. The doctors had tried—Lord knows they had tried—but now all she had was this small plant and a hope-shattering realization that she would never be able to give her husband what he really wanted, a child. Life had stopped and yet life continued. She struggled hard to forget, but her daily activity offered so few diversions. The small plant took a place in the front window and served as a memento

of what might have been, of what should have been, of what could never be. And despite the memories which surrounded it, she clung to it in the months that followed.

The couple's life had changed: married life was no longer mutual affection and companionship, for now they were constantly alone even when together. He became melancholy and moody; his only rest and forgetfulness he found in drinking; she assumed a strange, lethargic bravery and vainly tried to help cheer her husband.

The crackling, sputtering of the bubbling water cascading down on the red hot burners snapped her back to reality. She replaced the plant on the window sill and began this day as she did every other one.

—o—

DURING breakfast she noticed that her husband did nothing but stare subconsciously at the table; he slowly ran his spoon over the faded orange poppies on the oilcloth table cloth. She hoped he would speak to her, although now whenever he spoke he grumbled—about the coffee, about the television programs, about his job, or about her. This morning was no different.

"What would you like for supper?" she asked, saying anything to break the silence.

"I don't care—what difference does it make?" he blandly replied, as he got up from the table. She heard him go into the bedroom and get his jacket. He then returned through the kitchen and started toward the door. Just as he was

leaving the flat, she asked, "Isn't there anything particular you want?"

He stopped in the doorway and turning answered almost inaudibly, "What I want *you* can't give —anymore."

The door closed behind him.

Perhaps this should have hurt deeply, but it didn't; for some reason, nothing seemed to hurt very much anymore—or maybe actually it was because everything hurt. She slowly walked over to the window and as she looked out, saw her husband cross the street and make his way toward the corner. He was slightly stooped and his walk lacked any purpose. The sunlight glaring on the yellow object on the window sill soon caught her attention. She continued to gaze at the flower—no different from thousands of other flowers, and yet for her it mirrored a little bit of magnificence.

—o—

THE day passed slowly, just as all had done since last April; it was filled with dull sameness.

It was the middle of the afternoon before she got the idea: maybe all her husband needed was something a little different. If she would plan something special for supper, do something a little out of the ordinary, if she could get him to go out with her someplace—to a movie—maybe he might cheer up a little. Whether or not it would cheer her was unimportant: she didn't care about herself; but if only he could be his old self again.

She straightened up the three rooms a bit more than usual; she took extra time with the meal; she even tried to make the dinner look better by putting a pair of lighted candles on the table. In addition, since she wanted this to be an occasion, she put the yellow tulip in the center of the paint-chipped kitchen table. The candles flickering on the yellow petals presented a sole note of gaiety in the otherwise dusk-grey room. She wanted the supper to be ready when he got home at 6:15. This, she thought, wouldn't give him any time to start on the beer before supper.

All was ready at 6:15. She stood at the window waiting for him to come around the corner. She wasn't anxious so much as she was hopeful for a change. The minutes passed. Many people came around the corner. She thought the subway must have been crowded tonight. And she waited. She subconsciously watched the reddish-purple shadows on the top of the building across the street. High above, bulging pink clouds floated, silhouetted against the gradually greying sky. The clouds slowly moved farther and farther away until they melted into the now charcoaled horizon. Darkness advanced at last. Only the two pale green candles fought the blackness that filled the room.

NOT until she heard footsteps in the hallway did her mind register reality. As if coming out of a trance, she instinctively glanced at the clock on the wall: 7:10. At

that moment the door opened and her husband stood framed against the light in the hallway. He blinked trying to see the room: only the two candles attracted his attention.

"What happened here—who's dead?" he bellowed, as he entered the room; he groped for the light switch and found it: a harshly glaring light shattered the darkness.

"You've been drinking," she said from the other side of the room, protecting her squinting eyes from the naked glaring bulb.

"What's it to you?" he gruffed in reply. "What else is there for a person to do around here?"

"Sit down. I've fixed a nice supper for you."

"Why not try fixing *yourself* up some time. You don't look like you used to—your hair's stringy, your dress is dirty—you don't fix up at all no more. Ever since last year—" he stopped and turned away, kicking the chair as he moved.

"Come on, let's eat," she said, trying to hold back her feelings.

"Damn it, I'm not hungry," he yelled and at the same time angrily swept his arm across the table, knocking dishes and silverware onto the kitchen floor.

The crash of the tableware made her wince and turn away, but in doing so she caught sight of the tulip plant lying on the floor. She slowly walked over to it and bent down on one knee. The pot was cracked and chipped and dirt had spilt on the linoleum. It was then

that she noticed that the flower's stem was broken in two and the yellow tulip lay on the floor. She reached over and tenderly picked it up.

All she could utter was, "You've broken my plant."

"What the hell! You treat that plant like a god—watering it, loosening the dirt, putting it in the sun all the time. Since last year you've fondled that plant and given it more attention than you've given me! A person would think you gave birth to a tulip instead of a baby at the hospital!"

She knelt, bending over the shattered plant, sobbing softly.

He turned toward the door, knowing he had said too much. He was outside the flat and on his way down the steps before she even realized he was gone.

For a long time she remained motionless, half kneeling, half sitting on the floor. She held the flower tenderly in her hand.

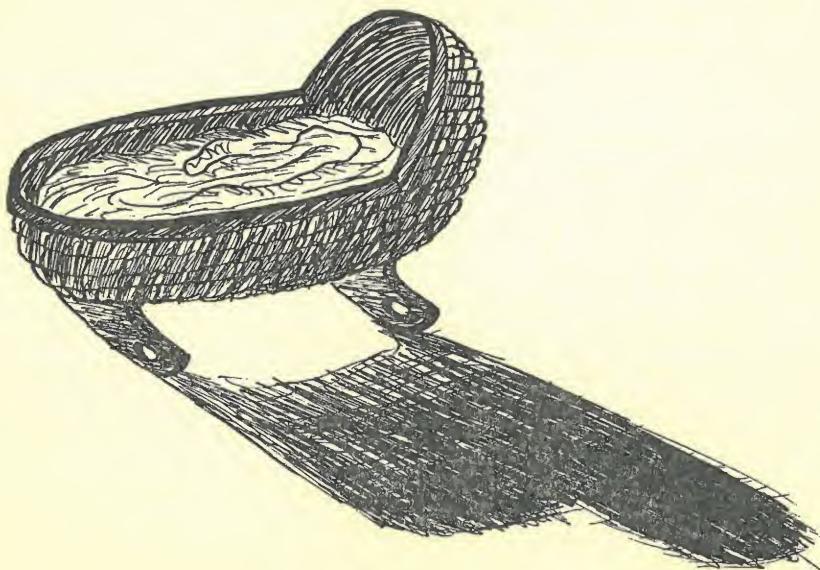
OUTSIDE all was quiet save for an occasional muffled honking horn of a tugboat on the river. A car occasionally passed noisily, drowning out for the moment the voices of children in the street below.

The sky was dark, unbroken even by stars. No moon, only a dull, grey, clouded glow was visible. The night breeze, cool and quiet, moved effortlessly over the building and through the street. The sagging lace curtain moved limply in the window.

The night slept.

Creak, Creak, The Cradle Rocked

Creak Creak,
The cradle rocked,
The night was cold and long.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
As mama crooned her sleepy song.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked,
The wind whined at the door.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
It's oaken rockers on the floor.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked,
The moon crept o'er the hill.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
As moonbeams played on the window sill.
Creak creak,



The cradle rocked,
The evening grew to night.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked,
The moon had lost its pallid light.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked.
Old mama's head hung low.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
Her hair as white as starlit snow.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked,
The night grew black and deep.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
When dear old mama fell asleep.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
Till night seemed wont to pass.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
As stars were fading from the grass.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked,
The room grew cold and damp.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
A broken measured, martial tramp.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked.
Earth felt the sun's first breath.
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked
Old Mama's faithful heart to death.
Creak creak,
Creak creak,
The cradle rocked,
Creak creak,
Creak creak,
Creak creak.

—DONALD L. MOORMAN

SINGING Bull and Brown Turkey were on their way to the big river.

"Ugh," said Singing Bull.

"How," answered Brown Turkey, and they continued on their journey.

After they had walked for about a half hour, the sun became so hot that they had to sit down to rest.

"One hundred in shade," said Brown Turkey.

"And how," said Singing Bull.

They sat and sat, but the longer they sat the hotter they became.

Three days later the sun shone just as brightly on Brown Turkey and Singing Bull. They had tried to get up three times, but the sun was too hot in the daytime, and at night they were too tired.

"I hungry," said Singing Bull

as the sweat ran down his forehead.

"Likewise," commented Brown Turkey as he dropped his hand off his knee down to the ground. As he did this the sweat poured out in renewed abundance. By chance, Brown Turkey's hand fell on a plant. Being careful so as not to exert himself more than necessary, Brown Turkey pulled it out of the ground. He looked at it and that perhaps he could eat it. It smelled horrible, but Brown Turkey was so hungry that he didn't care how it smelled. He took a huge bite. With a terrific roar he cried, "E un, E un, E un," (which translated means "the devils") and ran all the way home.

Singing Bull couldn't quite figure out what happened. Brown Turkey was saying "E un, E un," so fast that Singing Bull thought he was saying, "Uneun." Singing Bull looked around and saw that Brown Turkey had pulled something out of the ground. That



was it; Brown Turkey had eaten one of the plants. Then a brilliant thought came to Singing Bull's mind. The next time Little Lipper, his ornery son, was up to some mischievous venture, Singing Bull would make him eat one of these plants.

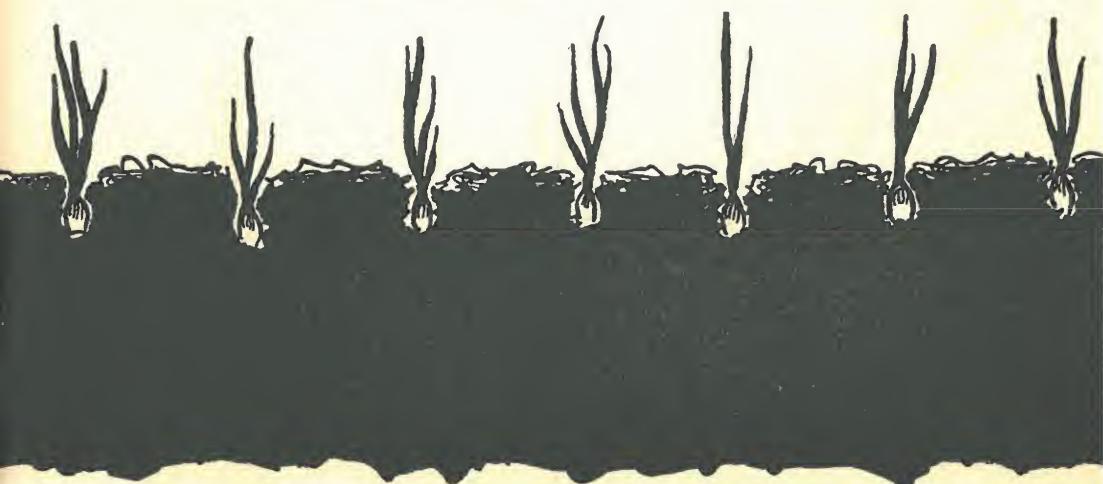
The next day, Little Lipper was up to one of his usual pranks. Singing Bull saw his chance to try out the "uneun", as Brown Turkey had called it. Little Lipper took one bite, groaned, rolled over several times, and cried for a half hour.

Singing Bull was very pleased with his discovery. It was two entire days before Little Lipper pulled his next prank. Again the "uneun" treatment was used. But this time Little Lipper just couldn't eat it. He took one bite and threw the rest of it into the pot of soup that his mother was cooking for supper. She became very angry, and since that was all she was making for supper, she

said that they would have to eat the soup or nothing. Singing Bull didn't care too much because his squaw was a horrible cook. He felt that nothing could make the soup much worse, and therefore, he began eating it. The "uneun" somehow made the soup better, even though it tasted anything but good. After this incident, Singing Bull made his squaw put "uneuns" in everything she cooked. He also told the other men in the village about the "uneuns", and some others were beginning to eat them.

Meanwhile, Little Lipper was becoming used to eating them raw. He soon became the hero of the whole village. Before long, all the boys and even the braves of the village were trying to distinguish themselves by eating raw "uneuns" without getting sick.

by Donald Ranly



By the time the white man came, the whole village was eating them. Whenever these Indiana captured a white man, they didn't give him the easy torture of burning over a slow fire. They made him eat raw "uneuns." One time however, a white man somehow escaped after eating only a bit of an "uneun." It was this man then who corrupted the spelling of the word and told all the white men not to go near the Onion Indians. Consequently this village was the last territory taken by the United States government.

The conquest of this village was a treacherous undertaking. The only way it could be done would be to make an army immune to onions. After five years of training, the soldiers could eat them without strain or pain. Then, when the army walked into the village eating onions, the Indians were so surprised that the entire company of braves passed out.

The United States Army then disbanded and the soldiers were all praised for their accomplishments. No, not that they had captured the village, but that they had eaten onions. It became the fad of the time to eat them.

Even women began to try it, and all the bad cooks began putting them into whatever they cooked. It was also discovered that in the spring of the year the onions weren't as strong as they usually were. At this time of year thousands of people tried eating them. It is natural then that it was at this period of history that doctors became prominent. In one spring some of them made millions. Hospitals grew like weeds.

YES, this is the history of the onion—that vegetable that looks like a door knob and tastes worse. It still has the unique distinction of being the only thing that is eaten that no one likes. Children eat them for one or more of the following reasons: first, because they are forced; second, because they want to be like their parents; third, because their parents bribe them. Adults eat them: first, because they ate them when they were children; second, because other people eat them; and third, because bad cooks continue to use onions. It is for one of these reasons that we sit down to a delicious-looking meal of steak, potatoes, gravy, salad etc., and eat nothing but "the devils". Just the thought of them brings tears to our eyes.

Perennial Panacea

by Anthony Smith

My roommate closed the door, took off his coat, threw it onto the bed, and walked over to my desk. It was easy for me to tell by the bright look in his eye that something special had happened. He stood there beside my desk with a half-evil, half-self-satisfied smirk on his face. His whole bearing had been altered. By far, though, the most noticeable change was in the expression on his face. The glint in his grown eyes was that of a young boy who had just received a new toy. Accomplishment oozed from them and seemed to fill the entire room with his feeling of success.

A thin clump of fine silken hairs, the last outposts of a fast receding hairline, hung limply over his flushed forehead. He stood waiting for me to question him. I looked up again and laughed. The whole man, standing there waiting to reveal a great achievement, was too much to resist. His whole appearance, his cheeks, now puffed out, just enough to resemble those of an eager chipmunk, presented a

picture capable of producing nothing but laughter.

"Smitty," he burst out, "I got here in this bottle the answer to all my problems." He handed me the small jar and I looked at the label. It read: "100% Lanolin from the World's Healthiest Sheep." I looked at my pal and shook my head. His smile faded but his courage was undaunted.

"O.K., I know what you think, but this time the guy guaranteed beyond all doubt that this stuff would stop my hair from falling out."

I handed back the bottle and tried to repress my smile. My roommate took his precious bottle and gently rubbed the glass against his shirt. I could not help smiling as he turned and walked over to his closet. He opened the door and confidently placed this newly found lotion on the shelf at the end of the row of twenty-three other would-be cures. Surely such faith, such courage in the bottle against baldness will not forever go unrewarded. Perhaps now, at the end of the second dozen panaceas...



Berta Hummel

*"THOU didst seek out the lowly,
simple, pure,
As fitting best the love theme of
thy art."*

This is a theme—the theme of the art and of the life of Sister Maria Innocentia, designer of the famed Hummel cards and figurines. Her art follows this theme closely. It does "seek out the lowly, simple, pure." Even to the casual examiner these qualities—simplicity, humility, and purity—are the keynote of all her work. And so too were they the predominant features of her life. Or may one say that a human being, especially an artist, can lead such a life when she is forced to deal with the Nazis of 1944? Yet there also a generous amount existed, preserving for the few valuable years left to her the same simple perspective which figures so consistently in all her art.

Massing, the birthplace of Berta Hummel, is a diminutive market town in southern Bavaria. Situated thirty miles east of Munich, it is snugly breasted by thick forests of pine and fir, beech and oak. Off toward the southern horizon tower the snow-capped Bavarian Alps, shining in their glistening whiteness in contrast to the dark green of the valleys below. Massing lies near the banks of the Rott River, a small stream which empties into the Inn River. Though the town

is not large, it is comparatively active. The business section, flanked by Saint Stephen's Church on a promontory at one end of the town and the convent of the Poor School Sisters of Notre Dame at the other end, constitutes the core of the little settlement. It is here where the department store of J. Hummel is found and it is here, above that department store, where on May 21, 1909, there was born to Adolf and Victoria Hummel a third baby girl who was later given the name of Berta.

Like most babies she attracted a good deal of attention, but this lasted for only a short time, for Berta was followed soon by a brother and another sister. Thus she spent her very early years in the atmosphere of a large and fun-loving family. No doubt, it was here, surrounded by a youthful audience, that she developed a flair for the dramatic, which was a distinguishing characteristic in later life.

While still young Berta revealed a natural inclination for drawing. Doodling became a constant practice and together with an eager imagination, proved to be a real contribution to her artistic tendencies. Besides, Bertl (as she was good-naturedly called) had a limitless source of material on which

by Robert Cromie

to vent her artistic enthusiasm. There were the feasts of the Church, celebrated quite lavishly by the Catholic population, market days which drew the colorful farmers into town, and, of course, the various private events and practices which stimulated appreciation for the simple and homey. Such a practice was the *Herrgottswinkel*, or household shrine. In the Hummel home this shrine centered around the Blessed Virgin and Guardian Angel and was most probably the predominant influence for Berta's delightful series of pictures on these *familiares*.

WHEN Berta was five, the first major crisis occurred in the Hummel family. Touched off by the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, World War I spread its ugly visage over the continent of Europe. Adolf Hummel responded to the demand for manpower and his wife was left to rear five active children and one yet unborn. But Victoria Hummel was a resourceful woman in her own right and through the period when the family breadwinner was absent, she managed to keep everything intact.

A year later Berta made her entrance into the outside world. She enrolled in the convent on the hill conducted by the Poor School Sisters. Enthusiasm for learning, a marked feature earlier, intensified during her first two years at the convent. She was as happy as a schoolgirl could be. The third year, in contrast, was decidedly

trying. Then Berta encountered a teacher completely unresponsive to the girl's creative talent. A natural consequence—artistic stifling and depression—followed, causing her mother and close friends some anxious moments. By the fourth grade relations were once more serene and readjustment soon led to Berta's old spontaneous merriment and accustomed way of life. She became increasingly popular and through her many drawings soon proved to be the cynosure of school life. But the confines of the convent did not withhold the reputation of the girl-artist. She was constantly besieged for drawings that eventually found their way throughout the town and even to the war-front.

It was about this time, to be more exact, April 7, 1918, that the nine-year-old Berta made her First Holy Communion; two months later she was confirmed. For a girl who had a strong religious bent the events were full of joyful serenity and happy gratitude. Perhaps because of the proximity of the two sacraments, Confirmation made an unusually deep impression. At any rate, her pictures of Pentecost and the Holy Spirit attested to a keen appreciation of His part in her life.

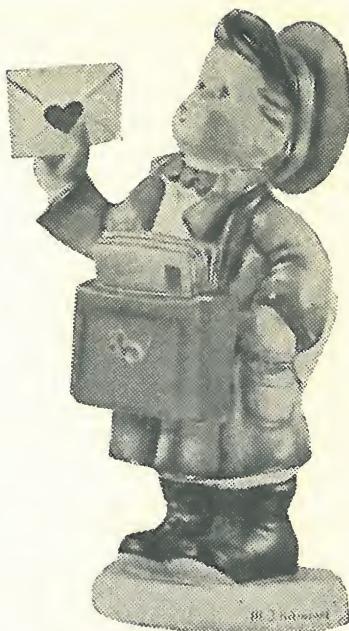
Upon graduation from the convent of Massing, twelve-year-old Berta was admitted to Simbach, a secondary school for girls located in southeast Germany. Operated by the "Englischen Fraulein," a teaching order from England, the institute owned a reputation for

culture and learning and was the object of every aspiring young lady in that part of the country.

Berta's curriculum took shape in the form of the lyceum, or secondary course. This involved a class in the school's fine art department, a pleasant entanglement that she preferred to be left untangled. Consequently Fraulein Hummel was able to develop quite rapidly. With the regulated schedule, which would probably seem unnecessarily rigorous now, life at the school slipped swiftly by. To relieve monotony, occasions presented themselves, planned or otherwise, which gave the students a chance to relax. Such occasions were, for instance, the many programs produced in the school auditorium. Here Berta was invaluable with her fresh ideas for decorations and costumes.

As always, Berta rated high in the popularity poll. She had a mischievous habit of characterizing people, especially teachers, on paper. She would sketch rapidly a familiar pose of the teacher and pass it about the class. Her caricatures endeared her to fellow classmates, but it is doubtful whether the teachers appreciated them quite as much. Over and above these caricatures, however, her art revealed a sure deftness and much deeper understanding of subject matter.

BERTA graduated from Simbach March 25, 1926. It was taken for granted that she would pursue higher studies in art, and her father in particular encouraged the



girl to enter some great art school. In the fall of 1926, Adolf Hummel accompanied his daughter to Munich and to the famous art academy there. Munich—with its beautiful parks and gardens, churches and other public buildings—proved to be a veritable treasure of inspiration to the young artist. Combined with an art tradition dating back to the nineteenth century, the splendid sights of Munich had a definite contribution to make to the art of Berta Hummel.

Now at a point where art work was the prime concern of her young life, Berta concentrated with peculiar aggressiveness solely upon her art. She studied everything and everyone, but particularly children. Often during her frequent walks about the city, she would stop to observe a group of youngsters playing nearby. The bright flushed cheek, the carefree, open face, now the energetic movement, now a calm meditative stance, were valuable details to be put away for some future use. At times she mingled with them, observing their habits and mannerisms to an even greater extent.

In the meantime Berta's drawings made new friends, teachers who were in a position to give advice which induced her to finer attention to detail and more polish. In April of the following year she passed with high grades a difficult examination; so far superior was she to most of her fellow students that she finished second

in rank, although one of the youngest in the class. Everyone entertained high hopes for the young artist. Berta herself was eager and ambitious. She wanted to travel—through Italy, France, all over Europe—to seek out and learn, always to learn, new techniques, new ideas. For Berta Hummel, the enterprising artist, the future promised many things.

Yet companion to these bright hopes were certain clouded suspicions. Was this really her life? At the academy Berta had become acquainted with two nuns—Sisters Kostka and Laura, Franciscan Sisters from Seissen. She had carefully observed them, noting their earnest devotion, their deep sense of religion. Still, the fact of their sisterhood did not interfere with the personal ambitions and desires of the artists. Rather, it expanded them and even gave their aspirations greater meaning. Such a life attracted Berta. Moreover, disregarding the mere human element, Berta saw vaguely something else. Did she not actually wish to return to God what He had given her—her life? But she had talent, real talent! She had worked for fame. Should she now give up the applause of the world which was only scattered handclapping at the present? In all probability the inner struggle was acute; it was also brief. On April 22, 1931, Berta entered the convent of Seissen.

This decision was, as is often the case, unpopular with many people. Berta's parents, although not taken wholly by surprise, were some-

what disappointed. Those who did not understand the girl's religious desires were openly critical. Their disapproval showed itself in various subtle ways which were intended to, but could not, deter the girl from firmly rooted ideals.

For a time it appeared that Berta's critics had prophesied correctly. Convent routine presented a serious obstacle to the girl's naturally sunny disposition, and despite goodwill, Berta often found the rule annoying and disconcerting. She had been used to a certain amount of freedom while at art school, but in the convent any freedom which implied willfulness was definitely out of place. Eventually the young candidate adjusted herself and soon was living and enjoying life as a sister. The regularity undoubtedly contributed to her art. Berta's superiors constantly encouraged her to continue work and she readily complied, as her increased output has attested. Gradually the fame of Hummel greeting cards spread throughout Germany, and the applause, mere handclapping before, was now coming to the young aspirant with ever greater intensity.

BUT worldly acclaim, once so strongly sought, now meant little, at least in so far as Berta was concerned personally. She had dedicated her life to God, and desire for recognition, in light of this dedication, was distinctly incongruous. The girl realized that if her art continued to draw attention, she herself would be the object of

merited and possibly undeserved praise. She also realized that to remain a good religious in the face of popular acclaim, it would be necessary to follow as sincerely and devotedly as she could the ideals of religious life. With this end in mind Berta, on August 22, 1933, received the habit of the Poor Man of Assisi. At the same time she was given a new name—a name aptly significant—Sister Maria Innocentia.

During the year of novitiate, Sister Innocentia concentrated on religious themes in her art and, though she was under no professional instruction, her mechanics continued to develop. Church murals, banners, vestments, altar cards, and Madonnas flowed from her hand to Munich and other cities where they were put on display in shop windows and art exhibits. After temporary profession, August 30, 1934, Berta reverted to an old love—children. From her wealth of detail previously accumulated, children series were edited, and also various other humorous subjects. In conjunction with this issue of light and fanciful art there appeared the *Hummelbuch*, a collection of Hummel art published by Margareta Seemann, who accompanied the drawings with witty verse.

THE *Hummelbuch*, which did much to extend the popularity of Hummel cards, was the principal cause of still another Hummel product, the figurines. In Oeslau in Bavaria on the Thuringian border stands a large por-

celain factory, owned and operated by Franz Goebel. The factory presently rates as one of the most thriving business concerns in that area; yet this was not always the case. In 1934, while enterprise was still crippled from the depression, Franz Goebel was dismissing worker after worker at increased tempo. Business was steadily declining and the proprietor anxiously searched for new ideas to stimulate sales. One afternoon upon entering a section of the factory, Herr Goebel found one of his artist-workmen fashioning simple figurines from pictures in a nearby book. The book was Margareta Seemann's collection of Hummel drawings. The proprietor encouraged the employee to finish the reproductions. Soon figures of the Little Wanderer, Chimneysweep, and Fiddler were completed to the last faithful detail. Franz Goebel wasted no time; he hurriedly packed his statues and rushed to Seissen. Sister Hummel, however, met him with a quick refusal. She clearly understood that, at best, construction of figurines from pictures portraying her own personal style would be a difficult undertaking. Once more Herr Goebel explained his hopes, emphasizing this time the financial plight of his workmen. Sister Innocentia visibly softened. He pressed his point. Finally she agreed, with her superior's approval, to permit her drawings to be reproduced in three dimension. Work commenced and clever artists, aided by Berta's penetrating

criticisms, succeeded in reconstructing accurate copies of the original paintings. Today Hummel figurines are perhaps more familiar to buyers than are the patterns from which they came.

For the next six years Sister Innocentia lived the systematic life of a Franciscan nun, interspersed with some pleasant activities beyond the realm of an ordinary nun. Permission was granted for additional study at the art academy in Munich, but a severe cold forced her to return to the Motherhouse after a year of study. In 1937 Berta made her final vows, associating herself for life with the Franciscan convent. Two years later she experienced the pleasure of seeing her drawings collected into a second book, *Hui, Die Hummel*, produced by Ars Sacra, one of many greeting card companies competing for the right to print Hummel cards. During these years Sister Hummel supplied a continuous stream of material for publication. The hard work, made necessary by her constant output, disciplined her for the final effort which lay ahead.

SEPTEMBER, 1939! German troops swept into Poland with the infamous *blitzkrieg*, which precipitated World War II. Having taken the plunge, Hitler perceived that support, even unwilling support, of the German people was essential to continental conquest. Accordingly he converted the educational program to his purposes and even attempted to subdue religion. Slowly govern-

mental clamps strangled the very life of private and parochial schools, religious institutions, and churches.

At Seissen the Nazis despoiled first the townspeople by closing private and secondary schools. Curtailment of activities, aimed predominantly at the convent, followed soon after. The final blow came on October 29, 1940, when the superior received a notice stating, in effect, that the Franciscan convent would be confiscated within twenty-four hours and most of the nuns were under explicit orders to vacate the grounds and return to their families. Sister Innocentia was grief-stricken. Although she was thankful to be able to return to Massing, it was with a reluctant heart she left Seissen. The few sisters who were permitted to remain were shut up in a wing of the convent and were refused access to other sections of the building. The remainder was then converted into a "rehabilitation center" for refugees.

Out of obedience only had Sister Hummel left Seissen. In a short time she applied to civil and religious authorities for permission to rejoin her companions who persisted in their voluntary captivity. Many friends who heard of the request could not understand the nun's desire and tried to persuade her to remain in comparative safety. But there was a job to be done and Berta Hummel was in a position to do it. Since the confiscation of the farm and grounds, the Franciscan sisters completely



lacked financial support; this condition could at once be alleviated if and when Berta returned to Seissen. The Nazis would not allow Hummel cards and figurines to be sold in Germany, it is true, but there was a great demand on the world market, and through their sale the convent would remain self-supporting. Sister Hummel was determined to go back. Curiously enough, permission was granted.

In a cold bare room Sister Innocentia returned to her art and succeeded shortly in completing a few church murals and another series of children pictures. Daily routine degenerated into one episode of privation after another, and the artist-nun, along with her companions, could do nothing but work and pray for a final deliverance.

IN the fall of 1944 Berta was taken ill with an aggravated condition of pleurisy. Convent superiors sent the invalid to Wilhelfstift, a sanatorium for tuberculars at Isny. After five months of rest and treatment, she seemed to have made sufficient recovery once more to take up her work. Departure from Isny came at a most critical time, however; French troops in the midst of a sustained offensive had pushed the Germans back and were ready to occupy the city. Already troops were pouring in, which made travel a tedious affair.

Her health soon took a turn for the worse and again Berta was sent away, this time to Wangen. In her

absence the French liberated Seissen and restored all property to former owners. Thus Sister Innocentia missed witnessing the havoc wrought upon the convent.

At Wangen Sister Innocentia suffered a relapse, severe as it was unexpected. Dropsy set in and this together with a recent lung infection complicated further treatments. Sanatorium physicians advised her to return to Seissen where it was hoped the familiar surroundings might prove beneficial. To those who visited the nun, it was evident that, despite a calm exterior, Sister Hummel was suffering intensely. No sooner had she returned to the Motherhouse than suddenly her heart began to fail. Berta's mother was immediately summoned to await with her daughter the advent of death. At the invalid's request the Last Sacraments were administered. Days slipped by. On November sixth, Sister Innocentia received Holy Viaticum. Then life slowly, laboriously sought release. Shortly before noon she opened her eyes, gazed intently for a moment, and sank back heavily.

THE life of Sister Hummel was not a complicated affair as are the lives of many other great people. But like all great men and women she had a job to do, a mission to fulfill. That mission was the fostering of love for the simple, the lowly, the pure. In the Hummel cards and figurines she could show forth these qualities only because they permeated her entire life.

Requiescat in Pace

by

Raymond Juneau

He ambled up and took his place next to the kid, unnoticed. They both stood there and gazed out at the pulsing sea, glistening, and almost breathing it seemed, in the moonlight. Neither spoke. He had been through a lifetime of operations; this was the kid's first.

The kid wondered whether he would come out of it alive or not. The way he felt now it didn't matter too much one way or another, as long as he wasn't left to die on the beach. If it had to come he wanted it to be quick. He had already hashed this out with God, and there no longer was room for debate.

The kid glanced at his silent companion, then stared hard and long at the swelling sea about them. It was slipping past them so fast. Yes, so fast. Fast, like everything else that had ever happened since he first enlisted. It

hadn't taken long to run through boot camp. A few added months of maneuvers and they were ready to hit the road, or rather the ocean, he wryly mused. Now they were going. No one knew just where, but everyone said being in the dark as to where you would land was characteristically military. "Must be some psychology behind it," he mused. For two days now he had just sat around with the boys, cursing the food, the pitching sea, and the military 'dougheads' in the admiral's 'stateroom' who were throwing down bourbon and letting it out that the approaching encounter was being 'assiduously studied'. It was scraping pretty low and he knew it. Mom and Dad, and well, everyone else were knocking themselves out for him. Just what was there to grumble about anyway? They hadn't hit any beachhead yet, and he *was* feeling good. No dysentery or seasickness like some of the others. All his clothes were clean and warm. In fact, he even had an extra change in his knapsack. One of the boys had told him to ditch the 'ammo' and stuff in something useful. You couldn't eat bullets, or wear them either, for that matter. His gun would hold enough, if he took it easy. Straightening, he sucked in a sweet mouthful of night air. He brightened at the outlook he had constructed for himself. There was the invasion too, at least a week away. Why, by that time

he . . .

"Yup, the way I figure it we'll hit the beach, oh . . .," he pulled at his scrubby beard, "oh, about four I'd say." It was his silent companion.

"Beach? Hit what beach? What ya talking about? We ain't gonna hit no beach tomorrow." He considered the veteran momentarily then sidled over chummingly. "Listen pal, all us guys got it figured. We'll be another week on this smelly tub the way the big shots have been carryin' on."

The veteran looked at the boy with mature contempt and a little pity. "Week? That's the trouble with you kids. You think you've got everything figured. Yeah, you know it all." He sighed impatiently. "Well, just between you and me and the gatepost I'll let you in on a little something that you probably didn't even consider. General didn't say anythin' about it bein' secret, so I guess it won't do no harm, and besides, I'd like to pare you down a notch or two. We're landin' tomorrow. General told men tonight." He took a drag on his cigarette. Exhaling he confirmed, "Yup, told me tonight after supper." He sighed deeply. "Well, that's the life. Not much can do about it." He flicked the ash off of his cigarette and resumed, "Funny thing you know, but I ain't excited. Been through a lot of fightin'. Seen a lot of rot. Been scared 'fore every landin' too.

Now, though," he rubbed his beard, "I don't just don't give a damn what happens." As though the other were scarcely interested, he continued, "Don't suppose this jabber makes much with you, but, well, before landin' it's good just to talk."

Ordinarily the kid couldn't stomach these reminiscing old has-beens, but now it was something that filled a void. The vet turned away towards the galley. The kid hesitated momentarily then grasped at the lapels of his coat. "Don't go away Doc, I . . . I feel like talkin'" He swallowed hard. "It's like you says. A guy's gotta talk. He has to get it outa' his system." His smile belied his feelings. He drew the other back to the railing. "D'ya really think we'll hit tomorrow? What makes you think so?"

The vet lit another cigarette. "Well, after supper tonight the general comes down to the galley, and 'Frank'—that's me—'Frank,' he says, 'you start about 12:00, and get some coffee-rum and doughnuts ready for the men. So, I figure that since the general's callin' for this stuff things is gonna start happenin'. Why that stuff's standard ration for pre-landin'. And I think I've got the rest of the facts pretty well figured out. Look. The sun rises in these waters about 04:05. Now the best time for attack is right before dawn, when it's sorta grey like. It's hard to tell whether it's men comin' ashore, or just truck

runnin' high. We bin afloat now for almost five days. Another night of travellin' would bring us to either England, France or Spain. Now it's a cinch we ain't goin' to Britain. Not all these canoes. And stoppin' off at Spain just don't make no sense. So, with the other two irons out of the fire we git France. Now the northern coast has been gittin' the most plasterin' and shellin' from the British, so it should be pretty well softened up by now. The coast alongside of the Bay of Biscay is so full of mines and railroad ties you couldn't run a convoy of nothin' through it. Yup, my guess is the northern coast of France, probably Normandy. Travellin' at the rate we're doin' now, we should pull in about 4:00 o'clock.

The vet didn't notice the growing fear on the kid's face. "Don't suppose you seen any landins yet 'eh? Well, you'll get your fill come morning. 'Member one job in the Mediterranean before I was a cook. Everythin' was supposed to be top secret. Nobody knew nothin'. We was sneakin' up on the Gerries, it turns out. Well, we come flyin' off that barge like a bunch of ducks, and what they didn't throw at us you could lose in an empty tin can. I got it in the legs and went down—out like a light. When I came to everythin' was real quiet. A little smoke from some smashed pillboxes blew across us once in a while. I remember that smoke, 'cause when

I looked to see wher it was comin' from I saw my buddy. Me and him had come through thick and thin together before that. It does somethin' to ya when ya see someone you've known for years all beat up and bloody. His face was down in the muck, and there was a hole in his back big enough for ya to stick yer fist in right up to yer wrist. Looked like one of our own men got the willies and let him have it with a .45. Never did find out what happened to him. After that once I didn't look no more. Next day the sun come out and roasted us like a grid of barbequed spare-ribs. The stink made your stomach heave at every breath, and the groans almost . . .”

“For the love of God shut your mouth will ya? I want to forget that I might wind up rotting on that beach.” He grasped the vet by the lapels of his coat and shook him till his head snapped like a whiplash. “Don't ya see that might be me out there?”

Then, as suddenly as it began, it ended. The kid released his hold. His eyes lost their wild rings and he collapsed against a beam. Placing his hand on the vet's arm he repaired hoarsely, “Look, look I . . . I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.” He buried his face in his hands. Then, as though unsure of his actions, he righted himself and placed his hand on the vet's arm. “Look, I . . . I need some help. Aw, what's the use?” He pulled away. “I just don't know what to

do.” His voice cracked in despair. He almost cried. “It's the life. It's the blamed army. At home, I live in Wisconsin see, everythin' was quiet and peaceful. Then they shipped me off to the army. Everyone yells at ya, your buddies turn out to be back stabbers and all other sorts of filthy . . . ya gotta get permission to go here; ya gotta get permission to go there. And what do ya get for it? A belly full of lead.” He began to speak rapidly, while the rings in his eyes appeared once more. “Look, I don't care who wins this war. I only want to get out of this lousy army. I just want to live a nice quiet life.” He faced the vet, breathing hotly. Then, turning away, he pulled at his hair and screetched, “I don't want no part of this war, honest. All I want's peace. D'ya hear?—peace, peace, peace, peace, peace.” He held the vet from his galley with an excited hand. “Y'know, my uncle used to tell me war stories. He was in France in 1917. I used to sit and listen to him all day. Those stories fascinated me. Now that I see I'm going to go through the same hell he lived, I can't bear it. I always told myself there's no glory in war. Well, there isn't. I'm liable to be cut down on that beach tomorrow and spend the last few minutes of my life face-down in a sandpile. Yeah, a sandpile. Ain't that funny? I used to play in a sandpile behind my father's brickyard when I was a kid. Now I'm gonna

die in one. Ain't that funny?" He started laughing giddily, then broke into tears. The vet left him sobbing in a corner.

The general assembled the men at 11:25. They were heading for Normandy. Their objective was to knock out enemy installations and secure a beachhead. They would land in approximately four hours. That was all.

At 12:31 they heard the navy's guns. Three and a half hours later they landed. The vet caught sight of the kid once, but soon lost him amid the smoke, yells, and flying debris of the invasion. By noon a foothold had been gained, but the enemy was holding on doggedly. Their pillboxes, which dotted the

hillsides, took a staggering toll. Yet wave after wave came on till their guns burnt themselves out.

It was in one of the gutted pillboxes that the vet stumbled across the kid. He couldn't explain what it was that had made him stop. Perhaps it was the cringing posture of the body, or perhaps it was the young face, which had yet to produce its first whisker. He raised the head caressingly and daubbed the blood from the pallid face. "Too bad. Too damned bad." He laid the body out and covered it reverently with what garments he could collect. "Well kid, I hope it's nice and peaceful, wherever you are."

A TREE IS A FLOWER

A tree is a flower
That's grown too tall.
A tree is a flower
That didn't stay small.
A tree is a flower.

—DONALD MOORMAN

A Parable

by Edmund Byrne

A man rushed up to a door which he wanted to get through in the worst way. But the door was locked. Flustered, he snapped his hand from the door knob and jerkily looked around to survey his situation. In so doing, his eyes fell upon a stranger who was standing quietly off to the side.

The stranger smiled. "You want to get through this door, don't you, my friend?"

"Of course I do, you idiot!" the first man gruffly retorted. "What else would I be doing here?"

"Just an observation," the stranger explained, in a most placating tone of voice. "Just an observation."

"Well—" the first man muttered, somewhat embarrassed at his rashness, "stop observing." And with this, he again tried the door.

"I just want to help you," the stranger continued. "Do you have a key for this door?"

"Would I be talking to you if I did?"

"No, I don't suppose you would. But, as a matter of fact, I know where you can get a key."

The man stood erect and turned to face the stranger, who had now roused his interest. "Where?" he asked, hesitantly.

The stranger smiled. "I have one."

The man's face contorted to a frown.

"I have the only one."

Now the man glared at the stranger. But, after what seemed an eternity of silent reflection, his countenance softened into a sort of suffering toleration of the unavoidable. "Certainly," he remarked, in a tone of calculated sarcasm. Then he turned and began to rattle at the door knob.

"I am telling you the truth," the stranger persisted, "I have the key."

"Certainly, certainly," came the icy response, as the feverish work continued.

"You don't believe me, then."

No answer.

"Please, friend. I was speaking to you. You don't believe me."

"Stop bothering me."

"Really, I can simplify everything for you."

"Why don't you go away?"

"You don't mean that!" the stranger exclaimed.

"Of course I do," the other replied, hardly noticing the stranger's reaction.

"I would rather not take you seriously," the stranger said with solemnity.

"Why not? I am serious, you know!"

"Then you really don't think I

can get you through the door."

"You're getting the idea."

"Perhaps you are too excited right now. If you would consider—"

"When are you going to stop nagging me?"

"Would you prefer that I leave you alone?"

"I wish you would."

"No, I'll give you another chance."

"Get out of here with your chances, will you?"

"I hope you aren't serious."

"Leave me alone, will you?"

"No. You may change your

mind."

"Confound you! For the last time, go away and leave me alone! I never want to see you again—never, never, never!"

"All right," the stranger replied softly, if you really want it that way. But it's your decision," he said. "It's your decision." Then he took a key, quickly unlocked the door, and, without another word, went through, closed and locked it behind him, and left the other man standing on the outside, amazed at what he had seen, and stunned by the realization that he had missed the opportunity of a lifetime.

An Autumn's Frost

There is a frost that fills our lawn,
Has filled it since before the dawn.
It clings to house, to grass, to garden gate,
The shroud of a prince who lies in state.
I feel so sad to see
The frost stand up and start to flee.
Frightened, it seems, it flys away
At the coming of the sun, the herald of day.
The cooling breath of an autumn's frost
Is sunned away, but seldom lost.
Look! There goes the frost that filled our lawn,
And see! Across the hill, the dawn.

—DONALD MOORMAN

UNICE TO PROPOSE FIVE-POWER TALKS ON FAR EAST ISSUES

U.S. Decides to Suggest
Accept Soviet Offer to
Discuss Asian Problems

U.S. INVITES RED CHINA

U.S. Rejects a Unilateral
Meeting in Moscow That Would
Harm U.S.-British Ties

HAROLD 'CALLENDER'

Harold Callender, a former editor of The New York Times, died on Oct. 7. The French Cabinet today to urge a five-power conference such as the Boston proposed in its note of Oct. 6. The conference, which France would confine to Western questions, would include representatives of Communism, the Soviet Union, the States, Britain and France. It is expected that the French propose that the Western suggest such a conference to the Soviet note.

French Government was act-
ively by its desire to miss opportunity of a negotiated
end of the war in Indo-
China. It believed the latest Soviet
offer such an opportunity
by proposing a five-power confer-
ence in Communism (China)
as a four-power conference
among

It is reported today that Gov-
ernment officials were studying
to expand trade between the
Soviet Union and related subjects.
and the Soviet part of Eu-
rope by what one leader
reducing official restraints called
"atomic blabbermouths,"
and granting official aid to within the governmental family, the

President has passed the word that

he wants all official statements on
this subject to conform to the
decisions of the National Security
Council or to be cleared at the

White House

The White House would not say
how the President had served

Britain May Ask U.S. To Clarify Bid on India

By THOMAS J. HAMILTON

Special to The New York Times

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y.

Oct. 7 - Britain has taken soundings here on whether she should ask the United States to clarify its recent suggestion that the question of inviting India and other Asian countries to the proposed Korean peace conference be decided at the conference itself.

The United States has never said whether it would favor a decision on this point at the start of the conference or later, and a number of delegates feel the question should be cleared up.

It is understood the inquiries were made last week before the return of Selwyn Lloyd, British Minister of State, to London for conference with Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden.

They reflect the growing concern here that unless something is done to break the present

Continued on Page 4, Column 8

EISENHOWER LIMITS TALK OF RED BOMB

Rules All Official Data Must
Conform to Top Decisions

Plans Own Statement

By JAMES RESTON

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7 - President Eisenhower has decided to put a stop to loose official talk about the Soviet Union's possible hydro-
gen bomb and related subjects.

Annnoyed by what one leader called "atomic blabbermouths,"

the President has passed the word that

he wants all official statements on

this subject to conform to the

decisions of the National Security

Council or to be cleared at the

White House

The White House would not say

how the President had served

on the National Security Council or to be cleared at the

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York Times.

New York Times Company

DAY, OCTOBER 8, 1953.

LATE CITY EDITION

Sunny and continued cool today.

Sunny and warmer tomorrow.

Temperature Range Today - Max. 58; Min. 48.

Temperature Yesterday - Max. 58; Min. 48.

Full 48 Weather Bureau Report Page M

Times Square 5-32-32
Times Herald 5-32-32

FIVE CENTS

Body Found Slain; MAYOR DECLARER id; Two Seized HE CLEANED UP CITY; IMPROVED SERVICES



Mr. Bonne Brown Heady, 41, on
in St. Louis after their arrest in
Greenlease, 6, of Kansas City.

New York Times

Six-year-old Bobby Greenlease was
buried grave behind a honeysuckle
cord ransom of \$600,000 had been
paid.

HOPE CALLED VAIN FOR TRANSIT PEACE

Out-of-Court Settlement of
Authority-T. W. U. Dispute

Stymied—Pay Demand Set

'Costello Mob' Is Back In City, Halley Says

By JAMES A. HAGERTY

Rudolph Halley, Liberal party candidate for Mayor, charged yesterday that organized gamblers of the Costello Mob again were accepting bets on the city's streets. The charge resulted in a result of Tammany's victory in nominating Robert F. Wagner Jr. for Mayor. The Council President said that corruption was one of the main issues of the city campaign.

We have been told that the primary cleaned up Tammany Hall. Mr. Halley said at a luncheon of the Women's Conference Group at the Town Hall Club, 123 West Forty-third Street: "I tell you now that the primary gave heart to the very Costello gangsters who ran Tammany Hall right up to the date of the Kefauver Senate Crime Investigating Committee.

And I tell you that today since

Continued on Page 24, Column 1

COAST TIE-UP IN FIGHT OF U TWO DOCKS C

A. F. L. Seamen Quit
When Anastasia Der
See Loaders' Cred

20 CREW HALTS I.

Teamsters Join in S
—U. S. Maps Conten
in View of Injun

By C. H. BASS

Union rivals threaten to paralyze Atla

The first showdown b
war between two confe
rions closed two Brool
The fight showed signs
ing swiftly and force
suspension of work all
coast just as commerce
giving back to normal a
day after.

Fearful that the intel
flict would nullify much
of the Taft-Hartley
under which 50,000 str
shoremen returned to
Tuesday, Justice Depa
orneys began collecting
last night as a possibl
attempt-of-court proc

The spark that set
front about was touch
Anthony (Tough Tony)
union overlord of the
duke, who is a stand
if the orphaned Is
singhoremen's Assoc
Anastasia Demands C

At 7:45 A.M. Anas
quad of seventy-five
peared outside the Bu
at Twenty-first Street
Brooklyn and demande
the credentials of 10
reporting for work. The
workers on the pier al
of three loads that i
permitted their allegiance
to the union by the Au

WICKS' STORY FAILS

Bobby

by Donald Ranly

Depiction of His Rival

Discussing his adversaries one
by one, he began by characterizing
Harold Riegelman, the Republican
candidate, as Governor Dewey's
"little brother" and as an integral
part of the political party responsi
ble for the 15-cent fare and the
15 per cent rent increase.

Rudolph Halley, Liberal, and

what form his dissatisfaction
would take, but hinted at an an
nouncement within a day or two.
Mr. Dewey's displeasure over Mr.
Wicks' explanation strengthened
reports that Republican leaders
would ask Mr. Wicks to resign as
president pro tem and majority
leader of the State Senate.

By resigning those posts al
though not necessarily quitting as

N

EWSPAPERS and magazines all over the country carried an ugly, almost fantastic tale in October of 1953. The story was tragic, mysterious, unbelievable. It concerned a 71-year-old millionaire who had bargained with \$600,000 for the life of his only son and lost. It was the terrible tale of the kidnapping and murder of Bobby Greenlease.

Although every young boy is not the son of a millionaire, and he may not even be called Bobby, nevertheless we all know a Bobby. He's the kid next door or right down the block. He may even be our kid brother. To some of us he may be our nephew, but to all of us he's Bobby. Oh, his name might be Johnny or Tommy, or he may even be a she. Bobby, Tommy, Johnny, Susy, Betty—what's in a name? We're not particular as long as the name applies to a person in that wonderful stage in life called childhood.

Do you ever stop to talk to Bobby? If you don't, you can't imagine what you're missing. Chances are your conversation will run like this:

"Hello Bobby."

"My name's not Bobby."

"Oh, I'm sorry. What is your name?"

"Johnny."

"What's your last name, Johnny?"

"Johnny."

"Gee, that's a funny name. Are you sure your name's Johnny Johnny?"

"It's Johnny."

After that you have a start. Probably you've won a friend. The more you talk to this friend the more you will like him. Most of the time he will make you laugh; sometimes he will make you feel sad. Often the words of this bargain-bundle of friendship will make you think.

There is an old saying that children should be seen and not heard. It should say children should be seen and listened to. One thing's for sure: if more people would listen to children, there would be more happy people. The humor of a child is humor at its best. His humor is not intentional and much less, it is not forced.

One day Billy had his finger smashed in a car door. He was all in tears when his mother suggested

that he be taken to the doctor. "Will he give me a new fingernail?" Billy asked.

Donnie was plowing a cement slab with a toy tractor and plow. Near him basking in the noonday sun were three cats. Someone asked why the tractor wasn't making any noise. "Can't you hear the cats?" he asked. "They are making it for me."

Mark was down on all-fours and Davey was on his back. When Dave began "spurring" his horse a little too vehemently, Mark got up and protested. Davey was astounded. "You dumb bunny," he said, "who ever heard of a horse talking?"

One evening when his Dad came home for supper, Danny met him at the door. With happiness bursting out on all sides, he related to him the joyous news that they were to have pie for supper. When Dad asked him what kind it was,

happiness changed to deep thought. "Not watermelon," he said. "You know. Those big yellow things we find out in the corn fields."

Along with this humor, a child has faith. Everyone knows the story of the child who was riding on a train with her mother when they passed a horse out in a pasture. With simple words and deep sincerity she asked her mother for the horse. She never had a doubt that her mother would get it for her.

Jimmy was questioned as to whether he was afraid to sleep in the dark. No, he was not afraid to sleep in the dark all alone upstairs. Jimmy had no lamp near his bed, so he was questioned further. "How do you find your bed after you turn out the light?"

"Daddy says I should turn out the light and then get into bed before it goes out." No, the light was not fluorescent, but Jimmy kept trying every night because he had perfect faith in the words of his father.

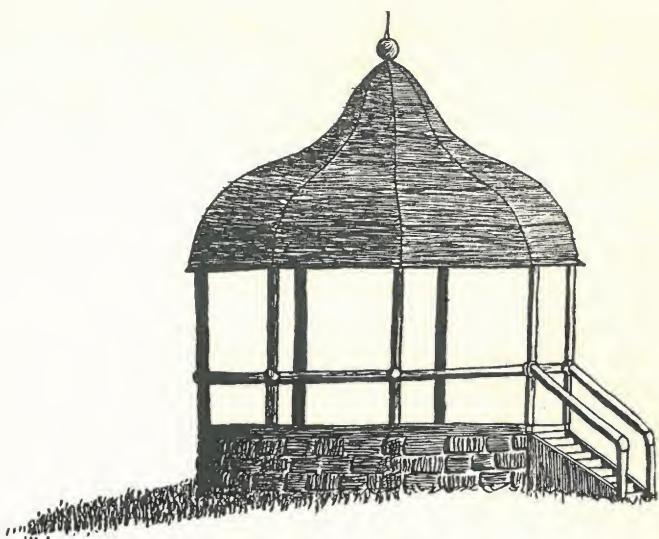
Have you ever watched the face of a child when he is looking at a clown for the first time? Have you ever seen a child of three or four who is taken into the arms of a nun for the first time? Have you ever noticed the face of a child

light up at the mention of ice cream?

A child. How can anyone define him? Surely he is a person with a heart as small as a doorknob and yet as big as a balloon. People pretend to enjoy life. Yet the child gets more fun out of watching Dad catch a fish than Dad gets out of catching it. He is more enthusiastic about Mommy's new dress than Mommy is. The child is happy because he enjoys the little things more than "grown-ups" do the big.

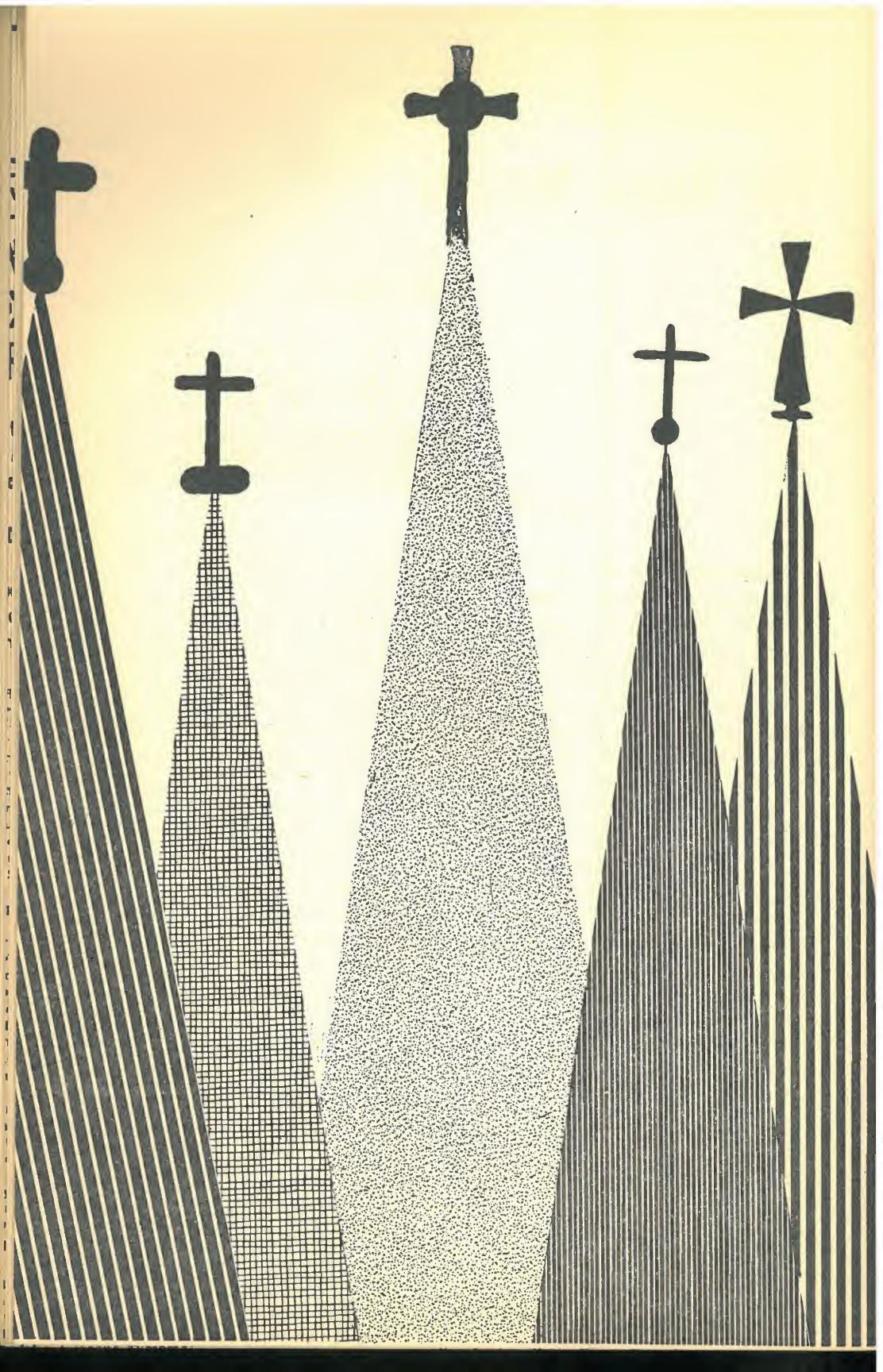
Happy, pure of heart, simple—no wonder Christ says, "Let the little children be, and do not hinder them from coming to me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Most people, however, are so proud and "busy" that seldom do they have even enough time to say hello to little Bobby who is a lesson in humility—a lesson usually unlearned.

Yes, Bobby Greenlease, you are a martyr—a martyr of a world that is so crazed by money and wickedness that it would deprive you of that which God alone has the right to take away. Bobby Greenlease, you were murdered by a people insane with the spirit of the world, and yet, you will never leave us as just plain Bobby.



It stands sadly by the side of the road, this old bandstand, a picture from a history book. Little attention is given this senile structure with its dirty grey roof streaked with smudge, its iron guard-rails rusting where the paint has peeled, and its cement floor, covered with leaves and cracked jaggedly like a dried up river bed. No one uses it except as a make-shift grandstand for an intra-mural football game. No one notices the octagonal shape of its floor, resting six steps up from the ground on a cement block foundation that is stained to a greyish black and a chlorophyll green. The varnished ceiling is fast giving up its attempt to keep its syrupy-brown color as the wood disintegrates and the boards protrude. The eight-sided roof narrows to a spear high above the floor and pierces a drab sphere lethargically. Useless wires run to an iron fuse box, once bringing life to the eight pair of eyes sunk under the ceiling's eyebrows and to Cyclop's eye screwed in the center of the ceiling. Cobwebs strain to keep closed the cover of the box, allowing no one to notice the two shiny fuses that will never be used again. The stone bandstand carries its own epitaph which some thoughtful person has carved in it: "R. I. P."

—GENE F. RIHM



Hot House Morality

WHEN the novel *The Song of Bernadette* was published, a priest confessed that he "just couldn't read" the book because it dealt with a Jew's account of the Immaculate Conception. As pious and sincere as this priest undoubtedly was, his attitude reflects what is the all too common sentiments voiced by the Catholic reading public concerning contemporary literature. Thinking that Catholic literature is still waging a defensive warfare, the average Catholic is entirely too prone to indict secular literature on many counts: they condemn a novel because of the author; they interpret an attempt at realism as pornography; they throw a book on the bonfire because of a few random risque passages.

From the desk of literary editor of *America* magazine, Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., has for years tried to strike at the cause of this weakness in the Catholic reading public. This he has done through advocating a "literary liberalism." A barrage of criticism has been leveled against his somewhat unorthodox views of morality in literature, a delicate subject by its very nature; Father Gardiner, however, uses precisely this liberalism to form a basis for his entire theory of literary criticism.

The Church through the centuries, Father Gardiner emphasizes, has not reflected this narrowness: on the contrary she has done all in her power to recognize, to encourage, and to praise literature. What then is the basis for this attitude on the part of a sizeable segment of Catholicism? The fault undoubtedly rests in their failure to grasp the basic principles of literary criticism. A book must be judged first and always as literature and by its literary merits.

Anything—a book, automobile, or lawnmower—is good for its function when all the *essential* qualities required for the work are presented in *reasonable* fulness. One must therefore remember that the function of literature is to offer intellectual entertainment, or as Father Gardiner so aptly phrases it, to provide a "flash of intellectual enlightenment."

According to Aristotle, literature achieves its goal through an imitation of life. However, unlike the historian, an author shuns a merely factual account of life; he shows rather the more general and idealistic truths of life as reflected in the action he portrays.

IT is here that morality enters into writing. Since man's life and actions reflect these truths of life, so also must literature. If all literature were accounts of the lives of the saints, no problem would arise, for in the saints these ideals were paramount in their actions. In the average man, however, these ideals are sometimes lost in immor-

ality. If literature is truly to imitate life, it follows therefore that it must portray life's vices as well as its virtues. The problem of morality is to determine what principles must guide the author in this imitation.

If vice were repulsive in itself, there would be no danger of its appealing to a reader. But since sin by its very nature has a certain degree of attraction in it, the author must use discretion lest the reader enjoy too much the picture of evil. The writer, then, has two duties—to art, for as mentioned before he must present a believable imitation of life; and to his reader, for he is responsible for the effect his work has on the reader.

Literature is subjective to the individual: what one may think obscene, another may consider inspiring. Father Gardiner suggests that the author, therefore, for his mean in writing use a mature, intelligent reader. A person firmly grounded in faith and morals can be assumed to be able to withstand a glimpse at life in literature. Considering this, it speaks unfavorably of many Catholic readers who throw up their hands whenever a vulgarity lurks on the printed page. This person has been bred with "hot house morality" and fails to grasp the true Catholic principles. Reconciliation of an author's duty between art and his reader is accomplished by several common-sense principles of literary morality formulated by Father Gardiner in his *Tenets for Reviewers*.

First of all, "*a person must judge the book or play itself and not its author.*" Although an author's life, whether moral or immoral, is sometimes a decided influence on the tone of his works, one must not attempt to read into a book the writer's philosophy of life. While the lives of certain famed authors—Shelley, Marlowe, and Shakespeare—were not beyond reproach, this fact does not ruin the literary merit of their masterpieces.

Secondly, "*one must judge the treatment of the subject in a book, not the subject itself.*" Whether or not a reader cares for the subject will determine its interest for the reader, but not, however, its greatness. Perhaps one may not care for the subject matter of *The Lost Weekend*, and yet he must admit that the treatment of the subject is effective and believable.

The sole source of material for an author is life—the life of fallen man. To completely overlook the fallen nature of mankind, to disregard the constant conflict of good and evil is to lose sight of the true man. One must, therefore, not criticize a character in fiction because of his envy, lust, or anger, for these are faults of mankind; one must not condemn an author for injecting vice into his men and women, for vice is a part of man since the Fall. All the reader may judge—either to praise or to condemn—is the writer's treatment of these matters.

As mentioned above, the author's sole responsibility rests in his

treatment of the subject—a subject in which vice plays a decided role. The next step, therefore, is a consideration of the treatment of vice. This is the basis for the third principle of morality in literature: "*if sin is discussed or represented in a piece of literature, it must be recognized for what it is, at least by the writer.*"

When an author sets out to present his portrait, he strives above all else to give man an air of reality: his actions must be believable; his character formation must be dependent on its molding elements; his temptation must even seem logical. In creating this "real" man, however, an author must not overlook an important determining element in mankind—a conscience. When man sins, he experiences at least a general sense of guilt. This guilt is recognized by man; the reader also looks for it in fictional man. It must be granted that occasionally a person lacks this sense of guilt for one reason or another, but he is the rare exception. A writer cannot logically exclude a conscience from a character.

One must not assume, however, that a character need walk through a novel chanting *mea culpa*; the novelist whispers this to his reader. The writer can point out that "this man is not the ideal; the truth is lacking in this person: look elsewhere." By projecting evil against a background of what should be, an author at least indirectly recognizes sin in his characters. It is for this reason

that *From Here to Eternity* is gravely lacking. James Jones definitely is effective in picturing life, but his whole concept of life is wrong. There is no background of "oughtness" in his book. If a glimmer of goodness creeps into his story, it does so simply because it just happens by—there was no purpose behind it.

Under this principle of recognizing evil, the problem of punishment for sin arises. Well-meaning Catholics expecting to see good triumphant in the last chapter of a book groan violently whenever a sinner lives happily ever after. This is a serious error—not on the part of the author but the reader. An author can portray a character up to and including his death scene; after that he is out of the hands of the author and what happens is mere speculation. For a person to demand all justice to be meted out in this world is to deny a judgement after death; such an attitude smacks of materialism—the idea that this world alone is the limit of man's actions.

IN regard to his treatment of sin, however, how far may an artist go in making sin appear desirable? Here, a fourth principle steps in: "*sin may not be so presented as to become a temptation to a normally discriminating reader.*"

As mentioned before, an author writes with a well-balanced, mature reader in mind—a reader who sees that the author is not trying to pervert him but to please him intellectually by what he writes.

The author's responsibility is in directing his work toward this discriminating reader; the reader's responsibility goes one step further: a reader must judge each individual book by his own conscience, and if he sees that a work is a source of temptation, he must be his own censor.

When considering life, evil, and temptation, an author must always make his presentation of them real and believable: if a character falls, he must have sufficient reason for doing so. The problem for the author is to strive for a degree of realism which will convince his reader and yet not either repel or tempt him. It is here that the ideals of life come to the rescue of an author. As Chekhov states, society may be decadent and the author must show it, but the ideals and principles which the author uses are not decadent. "The best of them [authors] are realists and paint life as it is, but, through every line's being soaked in the consciousness of an object, you feel, besides life as it is, the life which ought to be, and that captivates you."

The reader can then recognize these ideals as such, and they hold him from making the same mistakes as the character.

A common error in regard to fiction is to abandon or, even worse, to condemn a book because of isolated immorality in it. Judicial morality in literary criticism dictates that "*a single moral flaw or a small number of such flaws do not render a whole book*

immoral." When one encounters a shocking or vulgar scene or expression, one should ask himself two questions: "Does this make me want to do the same thing or do I recognize it and shun it as evil?" and "What is the author's purpose in including this incident?" From what has been said earlier, one can successfully cope with the first question; the second, however, brings up a new point. What justifies the occasion of an obscenity in a work. Certainly not the reason that the readers will enjoy it. The justification rests in the fact that against evil, good stands out more clearly. In fact truth can often glow through a suggestive passage. For example, Francie Nolan in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* is pictured as fundamentally decent in an environment of indecency. One striking incident is her encounter with a pervert. In this shocking scene, the reader sees the contrast of the moral and the immoral, and the reader, along with the author, hopes that Francie's ideals will resist the degenerating atmosphere of the slums. Here the author has a not ignoble purpose in introducing such a scene.

Similarly Graham Greene, often criticized for his obscene passages, injects ideals into his corrupt characters and makes them proclaim these ideals to the reader. One need look no further than *End of the Affair* for a concrete illustration. If the previous immorality of

Sarah, the adulterous wife, were not presented realistically, the eventual greatness of her character would have little meaning. If she had nothing to regret, there would be no reason for her later repentance. Perhaps her moment of heroic greatness was not of the same calibre of Joan of Arc's or of Thomas More's. But her greatness, despite its limitations, is appealing and inspiring to the reader, for he sees in her a human being like himself. In her, a reader sees the worth of the ultimate values of life.

This is precisely what Father Gardiner calls the point of departure between good literature and obscene trash. Greene can enhance and build up the values of life and make them desirable even though he pictures a lack of these values. A writer like Mickey Spillane, on the other hand, using similar scenes, tears down these ideals and menaces the ordered hierarchy of human values.

To summarize, a man is not to be condemned because he contains one flaw: he is merely imperfect because of it. So too, a novel is not ruined because of one obscene passage—it is merely imperfect.

A mature reader should look at each piece of literature as a glimpse at the reality that is human nature. If what he sees he does not like, his task then is not to condemn the imitation of reality, but to change, to improve what is wrong in man's nature.



IT was midnight. I rubbed my aching eyes, rolled down the window, and slowly pressed the accelerator closer to the quivering floor. Twenty-seven miles of black, lonely highway remained before me, stretching, winding, rolling its way over the deserted countryside.

For three exhausting hours I had stared at nothing but the bobbing and weaving beams of my headlights as they pierced the thick quilt of darkness hanging over the land around me. Now, the irksome monotony, the constant, rhythmic lull of the wind, the even, smooth waves of the road, the white glare of lights reflected into the weary

muscles of my face, were all combining to take complete control of my fading consciousness. I fought them off, victoriously smothering the raging infernos within my eyes and totally eliminating the idea of sleep from my mind. I stretched as well as I could, forced a discouraging yawn, and again settled back, more awake and with greater confidence than before.

Another thirty minutes passed. I could not understand it! I should have been in Eveleth by now, or at least seen the lights of the town. They had to be over that next hill. Again I was wrong! There was no sign of life in any direction, no homes, no lights, not one car eith-

FEAR

by
Frank
Unger

er approaching or passing me.

Could it be that I had taken the wrong turn somewhere and been driving in the opposite direction? I quickly assured myself that this road did look familiar and I surely would have noticed any turn from the main highway.

Fifteen puzzling minutes dragged by, eight more miles rolling off the speedometer. I drove slowly now, watching for road markers, advertisements, junctions, anything to indicate where I was or what I was approaching. Still nothing! The paved black top of the highway changed to a high grade of gravel. I knew now that I had taken the wrong road. This

one was either ending here or becoming nothing but a gravel path, worse at each passing mile.

The map, of course, was in the glove compartment. I could tell at a glance where I had run into this difficulty. I held the twitching steering wheel with one hand, leaned across the front seat, and pushed the button to the small compartment. It was locked! I looked for the safest spot and pulled off the road onto the shoulder bordering the right side. The door was quickly opened and the worn, aged paper spread before me. I followed my direction from Kenora and traced it thirty miles directly north to Eveleth, my desti-

nation. There were only two possible places that I could have lost the main highway and turned onto this forsaken, uninhabited path of sand and gravel. I knew I definitely had not turned left anywhere, and just one other road turned to the right. This must be the one I was on now. No others led into it for miles, so the only way for me to get back to my original spot would be to turn around here.

I folded the map and placed it back in its place. How in the world was I going to turn around in this narrow spot? I pulled forward about twenty feet and began backing my way onto the shoulder from which I had just come. It was then that it happened! (The fateful factor leading to the most horrible night of my life was about to be placed in its essential position.) As I pressed the accelerator farther and farther down to the floor, the rear wheels of my car buried themselves deeper and deeper into the soft spot of sand. I will never be able to forget that sound as long as I live, the sound of the fine bits of gravel being churned up onto the fenders of the car, grinding tiny ruts into the black paint, falling again on the ground, increasing the narrow channel into which the worn tires were now submerged. I shall also never be able to forget that smell, that ugly, putrid, sickening smell of burning rubber.

At that moment I had no ideas, no thoughts, absolutely no solutions to the problem that had just

become mine. I turned the motor off and sat in total darkness, alone and puzzled, but with a certain feeling of optimism. I knew someone would come, even if it was early in the morning, so why should I worry now? After waiting for what seemed to be hours, I admitted to myself that there would certainly be no traffic in this abandoned spot at such a late hour. I couldn't walk back to the highway; I would simply have to wait. It was now 1:00 a.m. At least five hours of solitude lay before me. It would be a long, tiring wait, but I had no choice.

I made myself as comfortable as I could and turned on the radio, hoping to hear a late newscast. Through the static and mingling of four different stations I could make out only one significant story in the days news: A crazed killer had taken another life on route 182! Three persons had been killed on that highway within a range of forty miles in the past two months, and now police patrols drove the distance every twenty minutes. It seemed the killer always struck at the intervals between these patrols, and all night and early morning drivers were warned to stay on the main highway, not to stop anywhere for anything! The killer was described only as tall and dark, possessing the slight speech defect of a recognizable lisp.

I listened closely to each minute detail relayed by the commentator. Ordinarily I payed no atten-

tion to these common killings, but since there was nothing better to do I had memorized the account, almost word by word, connecting nothing said with my present situation.

Then the thought struck me! A tormenting bolt of fear shot through every limb and muscle of my body, sending a sharp, freezing chill before it. Route 182! The highway I had lost! The highway of the killings! They were one and the same!

"Stay on the main road. Do not stop anywhere for anything." The barely understood words of the announcer flowed from my lips, infested my mind, and numbed my body. The thought of the hours before me, four of them, alone on a highway prowled by a reckless killer in the dead of night!

I tried my hardest to relax, and told myself over and over that there was nothing to fear, nothing that could harm me as long as I stayed in the car, keeping the doors and windows locked. I quickly checked both sides, and finding them securely sealed, was determined to take advantage of the opportunity and now get the sleep I so needed. It would not come. I laid on the seat; sat erect with my head resting against the door; I must have twisted and contorted my body into a hundred different positions, trying in vain to discover a satisfactory one.

Again the speculation of a solution passed into my mind. Maybe the car was not in as helpless a con-

dition as I had thought. Maybe it had sounded much worse than it actually was. I had not even left the car to see how bad it was. I had to satisfy myself now. Two packages of matches were the only source of light I had, but they would certainly be enough to last a few minutes. I opened the car door, stepped out into the surrounding blackness, and pushed my back to the door as it slowly closed behind me. I glanced in all directions and listened for the slightest sound to break the stillness, any sound, footsteps, a voice. Nothing could be heard, only a faint, slight, swishing as the cool breeze crept its way through the dry, dead stalks of corn stretched across the open fields.

I was afraid, deathly afraid to move. I kept my back pressed to the door, clutching the handle with my right hand, the matches with my left. I dared not face the car, or leave myself unguarded and at the mercy of anything behind me. My wild imagination now placed the killer in every spot I could not see, in every one of the innumerable obscurities dispersed around me.

I told myself, unconvincingly, "I know he's not here. He couldn't be. This is twelve miles off the main highway. He'd never get this far without a car and I certainly would have seen the headlights, had he come."

I slowly moved to the rear of the car and examined the sunken tires. They were far deeper than I had thought. It was ridiculous to

even think of another attempt. Taking another glance around and seeing nothing more than before, I once again retired to the protection of the car.

A full hour passed, an hour seeming like days. Weird, imaginative figures continued their dance around the car, peering at me through the glass on all sides. They circled again and again, moving as a victorious tribe gloating over its helpless prey, waiting, watching for a moment of relaxation when they might strike for the kill.

Then I saw it! The dim, hazy glow of two headlights reflected into the windshield. No, it could not be! Not a car, here, in the middle of nowhere. I turned, facing the direction from which the rays were coming. It was a car, coming this way, fast. The thought of the killer entered my mind but left as quickly. Impossible! I again jerked open the door and breathed in the fresh, country air. The lights came closer. Their reflection was extremely bright over the last hill between us. Who could it be? Someone gone astray as I had? I would soon find out. Closer the lights came, brighter their reflection. Only a matter of feet separated us. What was that light on its roof, the writing on the side. The car pulled up beside me as I read the clearing lettering on its doors, State Highway Police.

Before it had come to a complete stop, I opened the door, quickly introduced myself, and gave the reason for my unusual state of af-

fairs. The man in the driver's seat said not a word during this rapid, hurried explanation. He only stared, directly into my eyes. The glow of the headlights off the road was cast into his face as he uttered his first sentence, "Are you alone? Is there anyone else in the car?" I answered and told him that I was alone, asking him if he could take me to Eveleth. He assured me he would do as I asked.

WE turned around, having no difficulty similar to the one I had encountered, and began our drive towards the main highway. I attempted several times to start a conversation with him but each time, he would mumble some unintelligible comment and return his complete interest to the task of driving.

There was something about him, something in the way the dark uniform fit him, something in the way he spoke . . . his speech, the lisp, that was it! Of course, why had I not noticed it before? The lisp, the one revealing clue the police had given, and I had failed to recognize it.

This man sitting beside me, holding the steering wheel, holding my life in his hands, was the killer. I knew it. He had to be. The lisp was too pronounced for a mere coincidence. How he had managed to gain possession of the police car I did not know, but nevertheless, he had it now and I was at his mercy.

Not a word was said and not a muscle moved for ten terrifying minutes. I knew if I spoke, the fear

in my voice would tell him his identity was discovered. This fact had to be kept from him as long as possible. The opportunity might present itself and the chances of escape would be greater if I could lead him to believe he had successfully deceived me.

He drove on, not uttering the slightest sound, keeping his eyes focused solidly on the road before him and his foot pressed heavily on the pedal.

If only there were something, anything I could do. Where was he taking me? What were his plans? What thoughts were going through his perverted mind? Was I to be his hostage, his method of escape?

I had to try something now, anything to surrender with at least a struggle. Should I swerve the car off the road and take my chances on survival? I could shove him towards the door, turn the wheel to the left, and prepare for the shock. I had to. It was my only hope of rescue and freedom.

I waited! A slight bend in the road was just ahead. That would be the spot. The ground was level on the opposite side and would prevent the car from turning over. He released his foot from the accelerator as we passed the sign warning of the curve ahead. Now! Now! My mind, my body, my instinct, all were commanding me, all were telling me to do it now; but my will refused. I moved not an inch. Shame, disgust filled me as the courage I had counted on failed.

My stomach was a deep cavern inhabited by millions of fluttering, microscopic insects, trying in vain to free themselves, to break through the walls that held them. I began to wonder if he could hear them, if he could hear my heart as it beat faster and faster, stronger and stronger, louder and louder. I had to do it, now; this was it . . . Blackness prevailed.

My left leg, pinned beneath the crumpled dashboard, was broken. Narrow rivers of blood flowed freely from cuts in my face and arms. Damp, black dirt covered every inch of my twisted body. This was my condition as I slowly regained consciousness.

The pain in the crushed leg was unbearable! I pressed my teeth together, tightly, closely, forcibly attempting to ease the tortures of the severed bone. I failed! Huge, thick spikes continued to drive their crude edges deeper and deeper into the nerves, turning, twisting, ripping, tearing . . . Again total darkness!

How we ended in this position I did not know, but the car was on its four wheels, twenty-five feet below the highway, dug deeply into the wet, grassy ground.

The driver! The killer! I had completely forgotten him! The reason behind all of this, and I had forgotten him. His dark, motionless shadow slumped over the wrinkled steering wheel was all I could see. I heard not the faintest sound of his breath. He was dead!

My only immediate thought was

to devise some way of freeing myself, since the fear and danger of the killer had now left my mind. I struggled into every possible position, trying and failing to pull the leg free. There was no chance whatever!

That sound, what was that queer sound? It was coming closer, getting louder. Was it a car? A truck? No, I could see it now. It was a road grader, inching along this side of the road, creeping nearer to the spot where we had left the edge of the road. The driver had not yet seen us.

At that very moment, my hopes, all of my dreams of being saved were shattered and crushed. The body next to me moved! The long, limp arms raised; the head lifted and fell back, now resting against the side of the door. "My God, my dear God! He was still alive! He had not been killed! He was actually moving!"

If he regained consciousness now . . . what would he do?

The man in the road grader! Had he seen me? Had he caught a glimpse of the car? The killer stirred again! The huge machine drew closer! The eyes of the criminal opened! The noise of the motor stopped! The eyes looked directly at me; the hand moved towards me. The man was running this way . . . again, unconscious blackness.

A smell of medicine, an odor of cleanliness, of perfume! The

sound of a voice, a male voice speaking to me, female voices choked with tears. I opened my eyes.

The worn, aged face of a country sheriff looked into mine and slowly asked a question, "How did it happen?" I related the story, the fateful, heroic story of my capture of the desperate criminal. The man and two women, one elderly, one very young, listened carefully, closely to each word I said. No one spoke! Why were they so silent? I could not understand it!

"Did he live," I hesitantly asked? "Yes," was the reply. "He lived. He's suffering from nothing more than a slight concussion and is expected to be all right in a couple of weeks. I'd like you to meet these people," the voice went on, "this is the wife and daughter of patrolman William Durso, the supposed killer that led you to the brink of a horrible and fatal mistake. The criminal you so feared was shot down early this morning, attempting to avoid arrest, on route 182!"

"The lisp," I asked. "His clear, evident lisp." "Coincidental!"

"Bill never does say much of anything to anybody. Never liked talkin' to strangers, especially men strangers. Always told him it'd get him into trouble; could never seem to convince him." His smiling wife and daughter slowly walked from the room, leaving these words behind.

TELEPATHY

BY
GENE
RIHM

As the big ship steamed through the straits of Gibraltar, Lord Charles Beresford opened the door to his cabin to retire. He stepped into the dark room and unsuspectingly switched on the ceiling light. Suddenly he saw a coffin before him, in which his father lay dead.

After the voyage as he stepped from the pier in England, he learned of the death and burial of his father. The latter had died at the exact moment Lord Charles had seen him in the coffin.

What Lord Charles had experienced was, apparently, a form of telepathy. Telepathy involves the transference of one person's thought waves to another person without the use of the senses. Or it is the sudden cognizance of an event before, during, or after the event takes place, in a manner that is contrary to nature. Man becomes aware of the things about him, according to his nature, through the operation of his external senses. When he learns things without using these senses, we say he has the faculty of telepathy. Scientists jump from our train of thought at this point, saying as they go that extra-sensory perception is impossible, and that it is the unreliable testimony of untrained witnesses, or coincidence, or chance, that makes the perfectly natural appear to be unnatural. During the last twenty-five years, however, interested persons have applied the scientific method to questions concerning telepathy. They have amassed sta-

tistics and conducted experiments and kept records in an attempt to gain favor with the scientists. No proof has been presented despite these efforts; still almost everyone is convinced that man has some extraordinary faculty or ability.

Whenever a person writes about telepathy, his finished paper invariably has paragraphs devoted to clairvoyance and premonition, for the three are mother, brother, and sister to each other. Hence the following definitions of clairvoyance as an awareness of an object in the physical world which is not known to any living mind without the use of the external senses, and the definition of premonition as the reading of the future contents of a person's mind, are included.

It seems credible that some power or faculty exists which enables the unnatural to happen; the experiences and experiments of others seem to prove it. Read, for example, the case of the ten year old girl who was walking along a country lane one spring, reading a geometry book. Slowly the things about her faded away and she saw the form of her mother, lying on the floor of an unused room at her home. Near her lay a lace handkerchief. She was so shocked she ran to the doctor's office and pleaded for his help. When they arrived home and opened the door to the dusty room, her mother was lying on the floor, suffering from a severe heart attack, and the lace handkerchief was beside her. The doctor was able to save her life.

CHILDISH fancy, you say? What, then, of the dream a man in Scotland had in 1913? J. W. Dunne saw himself walking along the high embankment of a railway at a place he recognized as just north of the Firth Bridge. At that moment a north bound train jumped the tracks and careened down the embankment. The cars slammed to a stop in a crumpled heap at the bottom, and were bombarded by rocks and debris rolling down from above. This tragedy was to take place the following spring. On the following April 14, 1914, he shuddered as he read of the "Flying Scotsman's" derailment fifteen miles north of the Firth Bridge and its twenty foot plunge down an embankment.

Dunne's sister verified the dream, for he had told her of it the day after he dreamed it. Perhaps if people would take their dreams more seriously, disaster could be avoided, unless the dream is comparable to Walter F. Prince's nightmare. In his sleep a woman approached him, carrying her own death warrant. As she drew closer he noticed the death warrant was written in the color of blood. Her voice quivering, she said to him, "I am not afraid to die, but will you hold my hand?" She then grasped his hand, and he felt her firm clammy grip as the scene went dark. Slowly he became aware that her head was no longer on her body, and he could feel the wet, sticky blood upon her hair. Through all this he slept, but when

he dreamed that this woman's head was still alive, and that its teeth gently clamped themselves upon his hand several times, he awoke with a shriek. The next day he read that a woman had disappeared in a demented condition from her New York home. Noticing the time of the disappearance, Prince calculated it to be just a few hours before his dream. While he slept that night, the woman was found. Her neck was lying across a railroad rail only six miles from his home. Her head, lying close by, was cut off cleanly. A letter found in her pocket proved her death was voluntary, and it stated that her head would still be alive after it was cut off. Lastly, her name was Hand, the word that appeared to Prince in his dream.

Then there is the story, told by Bennett Cerf on a radio broadcast of the program, "Conversation," of the pretty young girl who accepted the invitation of some friends to visit them at their southern plantation. The plantation, old and majestic, was in the middle of a vast swamp. Her first night as a guest, she was suddenly awakened at one o'clock in the morning by the sound of horses, and heavy wooden wheels crunching through the gravel on the road. The sounds stopped beneath her second floor window, and she dashed to see what it was. The southern moon cast its pale light upon the flat land, and below her loomed a black carriage, pulled by eight black horses, and driven by a cloaked coachman. The

figure turned to her and spoke in a low, hollow voice, "There's room for one more!" As he howled this the moon revealed his face to her and she recoiled in terror. The carriage drew away and clattered down the road into the marshland. The following evening was no different, and by daylight she was on her way back to New York, shaken and afraid. Six months later it was Christmas, and she was shopping in a crowded department store, waiting for the "down" elevator. As the doors slid apart, panic and fear hit her like a blast of cold air, for the elevator operator was the coachman she saw six months before, and he looked at her and said, in the same hollow voice, "There's room for one more!" The elevator left without her, and seconds later crashed heavily to the basement, killing all in it.

PEOPLE are interested in stories of this kind. They are attracted by the mysterious and find excitement in it. The master of telepathy, or of clairvoyance, has his fortune made. A few years ago a man by the name of Dunningham gave mind reading performances, which is, in reality, thought transference. He read Pope Pius XII's mind, as well as Roosevelt's, Taft's, and Dewey's. He rarely gave a gratuitous performance, however, for the process involved deep thought and careful preparation of his mind, and left him exhausted afterwards. He lost two or three pounds every performance, but gained fifteen hundred dollars for

the forty-five minute feat. Dunningham was taking mathematics in high school when he first learned of his abilities. Unable to advance as rapidly as the class, he decided to guess an answer to a problem one day. To his surprise, he guessed correctly, so he tried again. From then on he simply guessed all the answers, and passed mathematics. His teacher, certain that he was copying, tried to no avail to catch him. He explains that since one half of the class was proficient in mathematics and usually worked the problems correctly, he had ten or fifteen minds from which to elicit the answers.

Dunningham never approved of tests of telepathic abilities, and the experimenters never approve of men like Dunningham who claim to be able to read minds. One such experimenter, J. B. Rhine, has made Duke University famous as the center of studies in telepathy. As a student, Rhine's interest in telepathy was aroused by the authentic story of a woman who dreamed that her brother had shot himself in a barn. Awakening, she drove there, rushed to the barn, and found the body lying on the floor. Later she pointed out to the police where the gun had fallen in the straw. At Duke, years later, Rhine conducted his experiments scientifically. He invited Dunningham to come to Duke for tests, but Dunningham never accepted the challenge.

Rhine conducts his tests by using twenty-five cards. Five of the twenty-five are printed with a

single symbol, such as a circle, another five are printed with a square, and so on. The investigator and the subject separate into separate rooms, a third person takes a card from the shuffled deck and looks at it, and the subject in the other room draws the symbol which comes to his mind. The investigator writes down the symbol taken from the deck. After four hundred guesses have been made, the two sheets are compared. By chance, the subject could be expected to guess one symbol correctly in five. In four hundred guesses, then, a person should score no more than eighty correct ones, but in one case, the subject guessed correctly one hundred and twelve times. The odds against doing this by pure chance are ten thousand to one.

CRICICISMS have been fired at Rhine like buckshot at a tin can, but he has not been hurt thus far; he has answered all criticism and disproved them all. Once he sent his subject across the English Channel into Belgium, while he positioned himself in a house in London. Though the distance was four hundred miles, results were just as good. Out of twelve hundred guesses, three hundred and forty-six correct ones were made; by chance alone a score of only two hundred and forty was feasible.

In another test, concentrate upon some object, and while you do this another person will draw the first thing that enters his mind.

Results are not perfectly accurate, but are still remarkable. For instance, the picture drawn when a boomerang was thought of was a banana, a bell produced a picture of a German helmet with a spike on top; the near miss seems more spectacular than a direct hit.

Telepathy is most apparent in identical twins, for they would have been a single person if the embryo had not divided. People close to each other psychologically score highest in telepathy tests. There are many twins who have not known each other's existence. When they are finally reunited, they find they have lived almost identical lives.

Ed and Fred, identical twins, were victims of this circumstance. They learned that both had obtained the same type of jobs, both were married the same year to girls of the same age, and each had a baby son. Both had a fox terrier named Trixie. Had Ed and Fred known of each other's existence during their lives, this similarity would not be so remarkable.

Charles and Joseph Crail are identical twins. As children in school, they were given a Latin test on Virgil's *Aeneid*. Joe was given a seat in the principal's office and Charles sat in the Latin teacher's room. Charles was given his questions, but didn't begin answering them. Despite orders of the teacher to get busy, he continued to dawdle, saying he was not ready. Finally, half an hour later, he began to work. During this

time Joe had been delayed because the principal had been called away and was unable to give him his questions. When Joe finally received his questions, Charles was able to begin. They worked at the same speed, finished together, and returned to their room at the same time. After their papers were graded, the amazed teachers saw that they both made the same grade. The same words, syntax, grammar, and even the same mistakes were on both papers.

The exasperating characteristic of telepathy is that by the time an interested person hears of a case and attempts to investigate it, so much snow has fallen upon its tracks that it is impossible for them to lead you to an answer. For instance, how is one to verify the story about Abraham Lincoln and his dream? It seems that Mr. Lincoln dreamed, about a week before his death, that he was awakened from a sound sleep one night by the sound of voices from the rooms below him. Going downstairs, he saw a crowd of well dressed people standing in the East Room mourning over a casket. The guards told him the President had been killed by an assassin's bullet, and he saw his own figure lying in the casket. Then he awoke.

Perhaps, some day, men will find proof that there is such a thing as telepathy. Until then people will continue to be amazed and excited by stories of telepathy, clairvoyance, and premonition.

medley

by the editor

UNCLE Fred was seventy-one; his life was simple, and yet I'm sure everyone who knew him saw that he was a man with a purpose —no world-shaking purpose, I must admit, but we all felt he knew where he was going.

All his life he was short, and yet he carried himself with the poise of one of the more diminutive Hapsburgs. His hair was white. Nobody remembered what color it had been in his youth; we liked to think that it had always been white, for it added so very much to his air of unassuming gentility. His complexion was not in the least swarthy, nor was it ashen; it did, however, always look mellow.

His seventy-one years were rich and yet to outsiders perhaps a bit methodical and dull. He had worked all his life as an accountant in one of Boston's more respectable firms. As long as I can remember he lived with our family,

leaving for work and returning at the same time every day. Once a week he would bring home a small sack of candy for my brothers and me.

When he retired, life remained more or less the same for him, except that now instead of going to the office he performed some minor tasks about the house during the morning. The afternoon he spent taking long walks, or constitutions as he called them, through the various sections of Boston. Every afternoon was the same: he finished lunch, went to his room for twenty minutes, came down dressed warmly regardless of the season, and left, to return two hours later, in time to have a cup of hot tea and a warm bath before dinner.

His social life was limited to chancing upon an acquaintance during his walks. On Wednesdays, however, he would spend the eve-

ning visiting at a friend's home, where bachelors of similar age and disposition gathered once a week for their own particular type of amusement.

The last time I saw him was on one such Wednesday. The day had passed as others had done for years before: Uncle Fred spent the morning cleaning and waxing the dining room table; we noticed nothing unusual in him. At lunch he ate with his usual zest. His afternoon walk came and went with nothing out of the ordinary, with the exception, perhaps, that he brewed himself a second cup of tea when he returned. And still we read no importance into his sole deviation from schedule.

I can still picture him as he came down after dinner ready to leave for his evening out. He was intently puffing on his pipe, his eyes sparkling even more than usual. Because of the cold weather he wore his warm, dark Navy "pea" coat, which he called the only good thing that came from World War II. A maroon and grey scarf protected his throat from the wind. On his head he wore a dark, official-looking, brimmed cap, which was a gift from a retired friend who had been a chauffeur. Nothing he did merited notice. Finally he left and I have never seen him again.

That night he and his friends pulled the one and a half million dollar Brink's robbery.

If nothing more can be said for Bertram Russell, at least one must admit he was diversified in his philosophical views, a few of which were sound, the majority mere sound. During a tangent into the field of progressive education, he established a boys academy, where the teen-age youths and their whims reigned supreme. No rules existed save those of the students. First the boys abolished bedtime; study hours then fell by the wayside of progressivism; the school finally closed when the boys at last abolished studies.

Overlooking this defeat and determining to mold his students while they were still children, Russell subsequently opened a suburban boarding school for boys and girls all under ten years old. Unique in his approach, Lord Russell coupled in the curriculum his pet atheism with an innovation—nudism. He felt that the little ones, along with atheism, would develop a more nonchalant attitude toward sex if reared in such an atmosphere.

One day a woman reporter from a London newspaper came to the school to interview the noted philosopher. When a little girl answered the door, naked except for a single hair ribbon, the reporter threw up her hands and gasped, "Oh, my God!"

Looking up with disgust, the little pupil of Russell replied, "But there is no God."



RESPONSIBLE for changing the Saturday night habits of countless Americans, George Gobel has made his flash upon the television screens of the nation. Whether this flash is doomed to fade away into the vacuum of the television tube or is fated, as some predict, to become a TV tradition is irrelevant. Mr. Gobel's importance, and his resulting deserved praise, are due not to his popularity rating but rather to his welcome fresh air of

originality which has breezed into the all-too-commonly asphyxiating atmosphere of the television comedy stage. On what rests this originality? Not on slapstick, nor impersonation, nor joke-pandering, nor extravagant skits. While television as a whole has worn out the lips of its viewers, here is a man who has recaptured the gift of conversation by means of a singular yet simple camera-side manner.

And yet Mr. Gobel's importance and his contribution runs even deeper. That he makes his audience laugh is undisputed; that his humor is contagious is demonstrated by the Gobelisms that have become a part of contemporary conversation; that he has forcefully shown that humor *can* be clean is of far greater worth. Whether on the stage, on the nightclub floor, or in a television set, George Gobel's show has achieved and maintained an irreproachable standard of quality, all the more striking when viewed against its absence in other top shows.

ONE can note a trend toward something-or-other in Salvador Dali's autobiography, two-thirds of which deals with the noted painter's pre-natal life. Should this become a vogue in contemporary writing, the results are pregnant with possibilities.

DOM Verner Moore, before becoming a Benedictine, had been a physician as well as a psychiatrist. Later in life while at Catholic University, he was driving in downtown Washington and inadvertently struck a woman who was crossing the street. When he had informed the woman that he was a doctor, she exclaimed she needed a priest. The Benedictine replied calmly that he was a priest. The shocked woman looked up at him

and cried, "I must be losing my mind!" Even more calmly than before, Dom Moore answered, "I am a psychiatrist too."

BLESSINGS on thee, pretty miss, Quaker miss I long to kiss, With thy ever cheery quips And thy smiling lip-sticked lips. Yea, thy countenance connotes That thee knows thy Quaker oats.

A writer for *New Yorker* reports on a recent afternoon having come upon an unoccupied Cadillac sedan parked in a no-parking zone on Fifth Avenue. The car's hood was up and on the right fender were a pair of pliers, a screwdriver, and an oily rag. While the reporter mused to himself that even the mighty mechanical monsters fail at times, a gentleman carrying a brief case and wearing a dark homburg and a charcoal-gray overcoat approached, glanced sharply up and down the street, slammed the hood, put the rag and tools inside the car, slid into the Cadillac, and drove away.

ONE of the residents of Le Fer Hall at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College was perturbed recently when she received a letter from a friend addressed to "L'Affaire" Hall.



Brakes

by Donald Ranly

THE big truck purred along smoothly. He loved that purr. He loved the truck and his job.

It was 11:30 p.m. He wanted to be in Chicago by 5:00 next morning. He didn't have to be in then, but he set that as his deadline. He liked to work on a schedule and was proud of himself when he made it. He wondered now if he would make it. It was raining a dangerous drizzle and the roads were perilous. He was tired, very tired. He didn't know why, but he was tired.

He knew the roads like a book. He knew how fast to take each curve, regardless of what the sign said. His foot felt for the brake as he neared a stop sign. The big truck slowed down gracefully. Sure the brakes were good. Why shouldn't they be?

That wife of his. Always worrying about him. This morning it was the brakes. She was always worrying, but this morning the brakes had her all worked up. "Make sure you have them tested before you start out," she pleaded. She said something about an awful dream she had had. A woman lying right out in the road and he couldn't stop! "Check the brakes," she said. "Be sure to check the brakes!"

Ridiculous! The brakes! Why should the brakes go out? He knew his truck. The brakes! What a wife he had! Always worrying.

He glanced at his watch. Nearly midnight. Gee, he was tired.

A car pulled out in front of him a quarter of a mile down. Unconsciously his foot hit the brake. Instantly he realized what he had done and drew back his foot. He cursed himself sharply. What made him do that? Those brakes were on his mind!

He was jittery and he began to sweat a little. He was tired, that was the trouble, he was tired. Tom's Truck Stop wasn't far off. He would stop and get a cup of coffee. That's what he needed, a cup of coffee. He was tired, that's all.

He swung the big truck over to the side. He pumped the accelerator to hear the big baby snort. He loved his job. As he coasted to a stop he smiled. Those brakes were never in better shape. He turned off the ignition and hopped down from the cab.

Three other trucks were outside. He knew the trucks and he knew who the drivers would be inside.

It was still drizzling. Weather for the ducks, he mused. He avoided the puddle of water and walked into the small building.

"Hi, Bill. How are you?"

"Tired," he said, as he walked to the miniature counter and ordered a cup of coffee.

"You look worse than tired," another driver said. "Look's like

you've been scared to death."

"No, just tired," he said. He swung onto a chair and slouched down comfortably.

"What time you gonna be in Chicago?" one asked. They all knew his mania for being on schedule.

"I'll make it by five," he said.

"The way you look, you ought to go to sleep for a couple of hours."

"I'll be all right." He drank his coffee slowly. That was all he needed, a cup of coffee.

"The roads are awful slippery, you know it? How's your brakes?"

He started. "What about my brakes? They're fine. Fine!"

"Well, I just asked you. You know, a guy hain't ought to be on the road in a night like this without good brakes."

"That's right," the other agreed. "That's where lots of accidents are caused by. Why I see—"

"Look, my brakes are fine!" he said.

"Well, maybe they are, but just lemme tell you something that I seen happen. I seen a guy go right into some people's living room with two trailers behind, and when he crawls out of there and they asks him what happened, he smiles and says, 'No brakes'!"

He jumped to his feet and dashed the cup and saucer on the counter. He looked at the drivers and bit his lip hard. Then he whirled around and stormed outside.

THE big truck started and he shifted her down. He felt the power beneath him and felt re-

lied. Yeah, he felt better. The coffee did him good, that was all he had needed. Even if those bird-brains had to talk about brakes, the coffee did him good. Brakes, huh! Why the devil should he get himself worked up about brakes?

1:00 a.m. He was still tired. He was making good time though, and in spite of the weather. He'd make it by 5:00, sure he'd make it.

Then, not fifty feet in front of him, he saw two cars, badly smashed, blocking the road. To the left a man was waving frantically and pointing to a woman's body lying directly in front of him. His foot jammed the brake. The big truck swerved and skidded. He wrestled with the steering wheel, trying desperately to avoid the body. He struggled viciously, sweat poured off his forehead, and then, the truck was at a halt.

He jumped out of the cab and ran back to the scene. Marvelous how he had avoided the cars. But—where—what the devil? There was nothing there. He ran farther down, back and forth across the road. His eyes searched the road thoroughly. Was he going crazy? The cars had to be there. He had seen them. They had to be there.

He rushed back to his truck. It was still running. He ran around the cab. Not a scratch on it. He hadn't hit anything. Impossible! The cars, the body, that man waving, they were there. He had seen them. They had to be there. He turned back down the road. He ran frantically, a long way. Then,

he stopped. His head was whirling. He wiped the sweat off his forehead. He shook himself violently, straightened his shoulders, and walked slowly back to the truck.

He leaned on the door handle. Then, he slowly opened the door and climbed in. He pressed the accelerator. The motor swelled beautifully. This was his truck. He knew his truck and he loved it. He shifted her down and pulled away.

He tried desperately to relax. He glanced at his watch. He could still make it. Had to make it by 5:00. He'd make it all right, just had to settle down, that's all. Just had to settle down.

The big truck was rolling nicely. Why shouldn't it roll nicely? He knew his truck. Why shouldn't it roll nicely?

It was there again! It was there again! No mistake this time. The cars, the body, the man waving and pointing. His foot hit the brake. He pumped it, he swung, he struggled. Had to miss that body. He fought the wheel, he felt the skid under him. Finally the big truck stopped.

He dashed out of the cab. He turned toward the accident. No! No! He leaned heavily on the trailer. He closed his eyes tightly and opened them slowly. Nothing there! Nothing! What the— He looked at his truck. The back wheels were deep in the side ditch. He cursed viciously and looked once more down the road. Someone was playing games! This was

impossible! Determined, disgustedly he crawled back into the cab.

He sat there some time and stared. He was shaking like a dog with Vitus' dance, and the sweat poured down. Couldn't just sit there. Had to make it by five. He shifted her down and roared the motor. He released the clutch, but she wouldn't move. He rocked the baby, pumped the accelerator, and swore. She wouldn't move. He'd never make it.

He crawled back out of the cab and looked at the back of the trailer. It was deep in the ditch. He'd never make it.

He glanced down the road. A truck was coming. He knew the truck and he knew the driver.

The truck slowed down and stopped in front of his. The driver stepped out, bringing a chain along with him.

"What's the matter, Bill? She get out of control for you?"

"Yeah."

"You look scared, boy. It could have been worse. We'll have you out of here in a jiffy."

They hooked up the chain and got into their cabs. His truck came out smoothly.

He stayed in his cab while the other driver unhooked the chain. "Better take it easy now. Roads are slippery, you know."

"Thanks, thank a lot," he said.

The other driver took off. He waited a while, tried to relax. This was a big joke! He had been fooled twice. They wouldn't fool him again. He glanced at his watch. He could still make it.

Still he sat there, staring at nothing. Finally, he realized he was wasting time. Had to make it by 5:00.

He was moving now, moving nicely, still trying to relax. He wouldn't be fooled again. Oh no, no more of this foolishness.

Miles and minutes went by. He'd make it all right. But God! There! There! It was there again!

He wouldn't be fooled this time. What'd they take him for, a perfect ass? The man was waving, the body was lying there. He pounced on the accelerator and—

His head throbbed and his body ached all over. He heard a voice in the room.

"The man's insane, crazy. He killed my wife. I waved and pointed to her. But he didn't even slow up. He's crazy! Why didn't he use his brakes? Didn't he have any brakes?"

He opened his eyes. A nurse came over to him. "The doctor will take care of you in a minute. Just try to relax."

"The brakes are fine," he said, "the brakes are fine."

If I were a poet
Then I would hail
Good Mother Nature
With poem and tale.

But since I'm not a poet
I really can't see
What Good Mother Nature
Has over me.

Some like the rain.
It's all right, I guess,
But believe me, brother,
It sure makes a mess.

The children are happy
To see all the snow
But does mother like it?
The answer you know.

The heat of the sun
Isn't something to sell,
But when it gets hot
It gets hotter than—.

The beauty of autumn
Is something to see,
But the leaves aren't pretty
When they're off the tree.

The spring is delightful,
The flowers you seed.
Although you didn't plant it,
How about that weed?

Good Mother Nature
Must think me a snob.
Perhaps I am lucky
I don't have her job.

—DONALD RANLY

An Appreciation of Nature